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THE NEW ENGLAND GALAXY

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AGENTS.

Portland—Messrs Colman & Chisholm.
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Hampden—Charles P. Butler.

MISCELLANY.

[From the New-England Magazine.]

TO A HUMMING-BIRD,

HOVERING OVER ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS.

Why dost thou hover there—
Thy light wings radiant with each rainbow hue :—
To breathe the woodbine's balmy air.
Or drink from violet-cup the scented dew ?

Ah! has the rosent dye,
Of art's gay flower and fashion's mimic toy,
Caught thy keenly-glancing eye,
And wake thy low, sweet hum of joy ?

No perfume greeted thee,
When flying o'er the [illegible] that planted the spot ;
Which dost [illegible] thy [illegible]
And for stray in hast thine eager flight !

Oh, could the trusting heart
Know, by unerring instinct such as thine,
The spell of the deceiver's art—
Its faithless tint and deeply-wrought design !—

Then might we freely love
The incense-breathing truth of souls sincere,
Whose fragrance weekly floats above,
And shun the soulless flowers, that perish here.

Thou bright and fairy thing !
If, in thy sport, amid earth's verdant bowers,
A false hue lures—ah! swiftly wing
Thy gladsome way back to the odorous flowers !

H. T. TUCKERMAN

DESCRIPTION OF NEW YORK.

LIEBER.

About three-quarters of a mile from Castle Garden, a prospect presents itself of rare beauty and interest; you have at once before you a view up the wide and noble Hudson, with its high and majestic bank to the west, and the numerous masts along its eastern bank, down toward the sea, over the quarantine ground, and the beautiful bay out to where the sharp line of the horizon bounds the plain of vision ; whilst the charming and well-wharved battery lies right before you, with its regular walks and fine foliage, through which may be seen a crescent of neat houses, and close along-side, innumerable masts on the western side of the Bound, while, on the eastern shore, rises a steep bank, crowded with the houses of a busy sister-city. To your right, somewhat in the rear, you have Staten-island with her gently sloping hills; capped with country-seats ; to your left, the Jersey shores, with smaller bays and inlets, and another city ; and all three waters strewed with vessels of all sizes and destinations, some slowly ploughing the waves, all sails set, below and aloft, with a drowsy breeze, some speeded by man's ingenuity, some riding and resting at anchor in the stream, some in the service of peaceful commerce, some with a heavy burden of metal; some are coming up from the narrows after a long passage ; you can see it by the rest which the sea has washed from the iron of the shrouds, and which now stains her sides as she comes from beyond one of the distant fellow-capes, thrown out into the sea to mark where the Atlantic ceases ; here you perceive some as they are towed down by the steamboat, there you see the schooner beating up the river, with their large canvass, like white-winged gulls, at a distance, so many in manner that they are spread out like the tents of an Arabian camp on the even surface ; here are the heavy-sides Indiaman, the racing packet, the nimble cutter, from the Chesapeake, the gazelle of the waters, and the fleet and eager newsboat, defying even the swift pilot, with his inclining masts, and sailing closer to the wind than vessel ever did before, and the skiffs of the fishermen, the fat of the patient oyster-men, and the buoyant yacht to carry buoyant youths ; and between all these vessels move the quick ferries, like busy spiders, to and fro. It is, indeed, an enchanting sight ! What man loves and what he dares ; nature in all her fulness, freshness, and grandeur, tamed by man—all is here collected on one spot.

I know many cities that surround their harbors : New York is the only one which is surrounded by its harbor—a port-encompassed city, which sits proudly throned on her projecting island, and allows the rolling billow of the sea to kiss her feet, whilst the splendid river hastens to lay at her footstool the produce of the furthest west ; the furs entrapped and hunted by the wild Indian, and the wheat gathered from the fields which reward with bountiful fertility the labor of the active white man. Around her wave, between the many stars and stripes, the welcome colors of all nations, whose knowledge teaches them to cross the ocean ; and what distant countries send from all climes to this chosen queen of the waters, she distributes among the many crafts, with winged sails and finned with wheels, which await her orders to carry it thousands of miles into the deepest and the distant west. Europe, Africa, Asia, and the isles of all the seas are spread out for her commerce : daily do these remote shores speed the fleet messengers of the ocean ; to the south of our own hemisphere, to our own shore, where the Columbia, the Mississippi's queen, empties its mighty volumes ; barter with the red men ; or on the watery desert among the fearful crystal ice, to pursue the giant of the sea along the jealous shores of Japan, or, farther, still, to the icy pole, where Asia and America meet, as if in obedience to the sceptre of the European Autocrat, swayed over three parts of the world. What flourishes in the burning regions of the south, or dwells in the waters of the highest north, but the rude African gathers, or the industrious Europe cultivates or refines, is carried to her over the vast ocean, which opens her the way to all parts of the world, and ever which she sends, in all directions, our proud and cheering flag, so that the Indian of the Ganges and the Chinese on the Tabo know it as familiarly as the dwellers of the South Sea, the Californian, as well as the negro man of Guinea ; over which her vessels glide to every substitute in the Empress authoress of the Cape de Good hope, or the seeds of knowledge to regenerated Greece, and by means of which we commune with Europe's art and Europe's science.

A scene which strikingly proves the brisk and constant communication between New York and foreign countries, is exhibited on board the steamboat, which, on packet days, takes the passengers to their various vessels, waiting at anchor in the stream. Some years ago, I made one round in one of these steamboats, as more packets than usual happened to start on the same day. I remember, among others, Liverpool, London, Havre, Hamburg, and New Orleans packets ; besides, there were vessels going for Mexico, Havana, Rio de Janeiro, and Calcutta. Contrary winds had bound them, and her vessels, for a long time. It was interesting to see how differently the prospect or voyage affected the passengers. Some young travellers looking beaming with joy at the pleasure they expected from a journey in Europe ; others, agents who had crossed the Atlantic many a time, looked perfectly indifferent, whilst the eyes of some ladies showed that they had taken leave of those for whom their hearts yearned. A French agent was very engaged in folding up his samples, neatly pasted in morocco, and recommending, with a friend, his last purchase. I heard close to me, four languages at once—English, German, French, Spanish, which with the addition of Italian, you may hear almost any day, in Broadway at the hours when it is most frequented.

A CURE FOR THE AGUE AND FEVER, THAT HAS NEVER FAILED IN FIVE HUNDRED CASES. Cayenne 1-2 oz., cream tartar 1-8 oz., Peruvian bark 2 oz. well pulverized. Put them into a bottle of the best wine and take the decoction at tinctures on well days, as fast as the stomach will receive it. As there are now more persons afflicted with ague and fever than at any other period, in the opinion of the [illegible] the publication of the above receipt will enable [illegible] to the blessings of health who now labor under that [illegible]. Washington Co. Advertiser.

"Thousand die from [illegible]
But divine physic [illegible] sickly to restore them,
Down to the [illegible]."

ORIGINAL.

OUR EPHRAIM:

OR, THE NEW ENGLANDERS.

A What-d'ye-call it?—In three Acts.

ACT III.

SCENE 1. *A large number of women sitting round the walls of an unfinished room, as close together as they can squeeze; some taking their last cup of tea, others gobbling cake, and others sitting with their hands folded in their laps, their feet pulled up under them, and their eyes fixed upon the floor. Dead silence. In another part of the room is a group of men—some standing up before the fire, with their coat-tails pulled apart, others tilting back in their chairs, and trying to balance their cups and saucers on their knees, and others sitting astride the chairs with their backs to the company and their chins resting on the tops—all spitting on the floor occasionally and all fearfully twisting their yellow pocket-handkerchiefs. Now and then, they whisper together, and compare watches, or boots, or feel the quality of one another's clothes—and two or three times in the course of the following scene, a woman gets up, gathers her shawl or bonnet before her, walks to the fire-place, and shakes the crumbs upon the hearth, without opening her mouth; or takes out a pocket-handkerchief, deliberately unfolds it, wraps a huge piece of cake in it, and resumes her unspeakableness. A rap is heard at the door—all eyes are turned toward it, and*

Enter SQUIRE CHEW, *leading* BRIGADIER SHIRLEY *by the elbow, all round the room, and introducing him separately to every individual in it—the Brigadier washing his hands all the way—and always bowing to the wrong persons, and Squire Chew playing with his watch-chain for relief—twirling it with greater and greater violence, as he grows warmer and warmer. By the time the first couple have started, another rap is heard, and another pair enter in the same way—one gentleman with his hands folded behind him under his coat-tail, his conductor carrying his by the thumbs in the arm-holes of his waistcoat—another follows, with one hand in his bosom, and the other in his breeches pockets, another and another in different positions, intended to conceal their embarrassment, their awkwardness and their hands. While these are all going round and seating themselves one after another, in dead silence, as far from the women as they can get, a conversation begins—no matter what—this may be left to the pleasure of the performers—in a low whisper, gradually augmenting in variety and loudness till all get a talking together.—Sound of tuning a fiddle heard in the pauses. Example of the conversation to begin with.*

Sq Chew. Fine weather we have *Miss* Weeks.

Mrs W. Sir!—(*fluttered—all eyes upon her*)

Sq Ch. Rather cool for the season though! (*Pause*)

Brig S. How's all your children do, *Miss* Bray? (*Mrs Bray jumps half out of her chair*)

Mrs B. All very well I thank ye—how's yours? (*tilter*)

Miss Ch. Oh, he aint got any *to speak of*!—(*shuffling*)

Men. Haw, haw, haw! (*Great bustle; all talk together—then a dead silence follows, all the talkers dropping off one by one*).

Enter EPHRAIM *leading* LYDIA.

All. (*Jumping up and rushing together*) Why, if there aint our Ephy!—Where'd ye git back?—How d'ye do Ephy—how air ye!—(*Shaking hands with him and crowding about him*) Why, how material he looms look, don't he?—I declare! &c &c Aint a mite older!

Eph. (*Clearing his way*—ELDER HOBBS *following after him and observing his dress narrowly; others too much crowded or too much occupied*) Hourra there! hourra! where's your fiddler? Why aint ye dancin hey?

Several. Why Nigger Joe's disappointed us! (*Tuning of a fiddle heard*) Ah, there he goes now!—Mendin a string—wish you'd stir'em up, Ephy.

Eph. Wal, form a line there! form a line! can't nobody whistle Fisher's-hornpipe, or Money-in-both-pockets, or (*Singing Yankee doodle through the nose*) toodle-loodle, loodle-loodle! toodle-loodle, loo-loo!—(*Catching up one of the girls and whirling her to the head of the dance—others follow his example—and Lydia runs off*)

Sq Ch. Come gentlemen! choose yer partners! an let's see if we can't kick out a country dance.

Brig S. Plague on the feller! why don't he giv us the fiddle?

Eph. Oh that's him, is it, in the corner there! (*Pointing to another room*) I my there! Nigger Joe! (*Scraping heard*) Most tired o' scrapin your shins there, hey?—here's a windmill or two adrift!—want your help!

Miss Jones. (*Approaching Ephraim*) So Eph, you've been to the *Old* Country, hey? (*All gather round, prepared for a laugh.*)

Eph. Yes—as you seem to be a goin there, putty fast! (*Giggling.*)

Miss J. Left a woman there, didn't ye?(*Half whispering*)

Eph. Yes—a good many. (*General laugh*)

Miss B. As a child or two, if all they say's true.

Eph. A child or two!—Mor'n forty to my martin knowledge!

Women. O, you Satan you! Aint ye shamed o' yourself! Git out! (*Certain of the young men go to balancing chairs, hopping, jumping over one another at leap-frog, &c. &c. taking care not to interfere with the points of the dialogue.*)

Sq Ch. Wal—what d'you see there worth mentionin?—Anything in perticlar, hey?

Eph. Oh—yes!—(*With a long drawl*) two or three things.

(*Elder Hobbs approaching warily, and under pretence of leading him into conversation, appears to be taking an inventory of his wardrobe.*)

Hobbs. I say frind, I should like to ask you a question or two, if you please, hey?

Eph. Wal—fire away!

H. Had a real siege I'm told over there—can any great difference between them people an us?

Eph. In time o' war I do—a *great difference*. (*Bystanders laugh.*)

Sq Ch. Oh, that's jess like you, Ephy! always fell o' your conundrums an things! But Squire Hobbs wants to know at a word, what the difference is.

Eph. Wal then!—At a word—they're a *sufferin* people, and we're a *see-reign* people!—that's all the difference I see, and that wont last long I'm afeard.

(*Squire Hobbs enters into conversation with Miss Chandler.*)

Miss Ch. Most forget my cipherin too—more'n five year sence I gin up keepin school an took to comthin more respectable—used to be putty slick at *division*!

Eph. Slicker at *multiplication* though! won't ye?—(*Women look at one another and titter, the men hunch one another and laugh*)

Miss Ch. (*Spitefully and raising her voice so as to be heard by Lydia*) Wall they do say you was to home-keepin there!

Eph. Then they do say (*Imitating her*) what aint exactly true—for I only hop home.

Miss Ch. Oh ye did, did ye!—Had yer reasons for it, I have say!

Eph. Why Everybody knows Chandler! I should be a—shamed!—You know I wouldn't said half's much to gran—ldma fallal (more giggling)

Sq Ch. What was these two or three things you saw there? you mentioned just now?—any on the ceremonies or ordinances?

Eph. Wal—shouldn't wonder if there was! One thing I know 'bout the lawyers there—most of em git the chief part o' their fodder in what's called Grand-Juru.

Women. (*Laughing*) What to know!—you mischievous critter you!

Sq Ch. An what sort o' fodder is it, hey?

Eph. Oh, they lib pretty much altogether upon soup there.

Sq Ch. On soup!—Why how yo talk!—What sort o' soup, hey?

Eph. Oh good many sorts—but their fav'rye is allers P soup or Q soup.

Women. Wal!—if that aint funny!—what's it made of?

Eph. Why the P soup's made o' peas and the Quoze soup's made of ox-tails.

Miss Ch. Ox-tails!—guess you've travelled to some purpose!

Women. Ox-tails?—never should think o' goin there for soup!—never heard such a thing! don't believe a word on't! (*Lydia comes forward*)

Miss Ch. (*Gleaming on Lydia who keeps aloof*) Pretty gall!—very much to be pitied!

Eph. (*Sidling to the fiddle, hoping the girls will have the small pox, I hope!*)

Miss Ch. I heard her Aunt Smith say how't she wondered at her choice—an I thought so too—pale as ashes; don't know what she's about, half the time—I look upon her as certainly misled.

Eph. Misled!—No my love! Im *mise-led* an she's bo'led—that's the reason she looks so pale! (*General uproar.*)

Sq Ch. Never mind Miss Chandler!—keep a stiff upper lip!—you'll make him have yit!—ha, ha, ha!—Id rather bate on your side now!

Brig S. So I say!—gritten his teeth for another snap!—At him agin Miss Chandler! Hourrah for our side! (*All gather round.*)

Others. Hourrah for our Eph!—giv it to her. Eph!—st-boy!—(*Eph turns to go away*)—st-boy—you've cornered her now!—don't flinch!—(*Miss Chandler follows him.*)

Miss Ch. What else did ye see there—

Eph. Oh, take it altogether, its a strange country I tell ye!—wanted to persuade me that if any body tumbled down stairs in London, there was allers a post or a plank to *bring him up*—an sometimes a winder-shutter. Oh, I could tell ye a most almighty heap o' such things—but you wouldn't believe a word on't! (*To Miss Chandler.*)

Many. O, but we would, Ephy!—never touch of a liar when you was to home!—hope ye aint altered any?

Eph. Guess I have some.—(*Tries to get away—they pursue him and hedge him in*) Now what do you spose they call a *distant* relation there?

Sq. Ch. A fourth or fifth cousin, maybe.

Eph. No indeed!—a brother, if he don't speak to you!

Sq Ch. Wal how's their language?—understand grammar?—talk putty much like other folks, dont they?

Eph. Putty much—some things puzzle me though. If you want a pair of greys, sometimes they'll send you to a tailor, an sometimes to a livery-stable.

Sq Ch. My stars!—jaks the tailors there too?—say anything about cabbage?

Eph. Guess they do—told my tailor one day, says I, if you *cabbage* me, I'll *beat* you—(*Balancing himself between two chairs*)—He understood me an laughed like a two and forty pounder—an then up fist an knocked me down. Told him I only did it to try him—says he, *little!*—an with that, we had a clinch, an I cum putty nigh gittin a lickin. Wouldn't stand off an take it fair, he said; but arter twas all over, an I'd hugged him, he got up an shook hands with me, an gi'me a pair o'trowsers, and offered to pay a feller to larn me how to stan up an take it fair—told him no, I was much obleege to him as if he did, an then I walked off with myself.

Many. Ye didn't though, did ye!—that's complete!—is them the trowsers you got on?—(*All eyes upon his drab corduroys—whispering*)—what's their valley?

Eph. An as for language, Squire Chew, I've heard folks in that country, not much longer'n my arm, jest chipped the shell!—talk what they believed to be reglar yankee, *jest as naitral!*

Sq Ch. You don't say so!—beats all nater!

Eph. Why taint long ago's I heard a child say to another at a table, there! that's *mighty!*—Upon which the other up an says, taint! that's *Al-mighty!*

Several. An what did you say!

Eph. *Say!*—couldn't git my breath!—thought I should a died!

Sq Ch. What did ye do!

Eph. *Do!*—jumped right out o' my chair!—says I marm! I didn't come here to be insulted!—Says she, *what!*—O, don't tell me! says I—I can see through you as both o' your children!—a slap at my country!—An then I was for walkin off; but she tried to pacify me—an what d'ye thing she said?

Sq. Ch. Don't know——What *did* she say?

Eph. Why don't ye think! she wanted to persuade me—as I thought her husband would a split, when he understood the case—just hove himself back in the chair, an laughed till the tears ran out of his eyes! an she could hardly keep in——wanted to make me believe the children didn't say *mighty! nor almighty*——but only 't one said—that's my *tea!*—which 'tother said 'taint! that's *all-my tea!*

Sq. Ch. An then what did you do?

Eph. Do!——out jacknife an whittled off a piece o' chip from one o' the chairs, an put it on my shoulder, an dared him out like a man——right inter the street.

Sq. Ch. An what did he do then?

Eph. Do!——he only laughed the louder.

Sq. Ch. An then, what did you do?

Eph. Do!——told him he was no gentleman, an clear'd out.

All. Hourrah for our Eph! Hourrah! hourrah!

Sq. Ch. Served him right!—Guess they'll remember you!

Hobs. Haint forgot the old war. (*Violin heard approaching.*)

Eph. Come, take yer places! take yer places!—(*Fiddle stops*)—Wat'n that for!—another string broke?—(*Company bustle forward and take their places for a country-dance. As the fiddle stops, some run out to see what is the matter, while the rest gather round Eph.*) Tell ye somethin t happened to me, just as I was comin away. (*Lydia during this dialogue remains where she can see and hear, without being observed.*) Somebody run off with one o' my shoes: so I waited inter a place, not much bigger'n a clever mouse-trap, with a sign over the winder sayin, 'Shoes an boots re-*pair*ed here.' Axed him to make me t'other shoe to match. Said he couldn't. Says I—why? Says he—its agin the law. Says I—how? Says he cause—I'm only allowed to mend shoes. Wal then, says I—why don't ye say so? Says he, I do; an then he shew me his sign. Why *says* I, according to that, you ought tar say, shoes and boots mended here—an' not re-*paired*. But I couldn't make him understand me; an so I left the country right away—an have I cut yer varlues, mended all over, inside an out, so good as new, an ready to be re-*paired* whenever the Lord shall think proper. Hollow! take yer places (*Fiddle heard*)—cum by-the-bye go! (*All bustle to their places.*) All ready!

All. All ready!

Eph. Let go then! Blow away nigger! (*Off go two or three couple at a venture, some down the middle, some outside—Ephraim snapping his fingers, stamping the turns, and cutting the figures. And as they get all going together, Major Bob Smith in some stumping to our door and trying to catch Phebe's eye, while the Elder appears at another window cut Ephraim to a cinder.*)

[illegible]

(*Miss [illegible] his waistbands.*) Keep yer partners mind [illegible] I shall overtake ye! (*Brigadier's voice heard chuckling.*) Hallo! what's that for? Brigadier! you mist in the elegin scats now!

Brig. S. Lord yes! I was say hummin the toon!

(*Gymnastic exercises recommence.*)

Eph. Humming the toon! hey?—So you may concluite—but I should call it hummin the company.

Miss C. (*Leaving her place.*) I spose everybody's a right to try!

Eph. [illegible] to be sure—everybody's a right to try [illegible] other people.

(*Miss C. [illegible] standing himself between two chairs, [illegible] apart as they can straddle, and [illegible] Eph.*) There! can you do that?—[illegible] somersot and falls plump into the next [illegible]

Eph. [illegible] Liddy—there's somebody spunkin to you!

(*Laughing [illegible] Gymnastic—general laugh.*)

Miss C. [illegible] Liddy-taddy!—I spose you think you have [illegible] somethin now!

Eph. Don't believe she can do it, youngster.

Miss C. Wal—can you?

Eph. No—I got the roomatis—all over.

Sq. Ch. Why, you used to be king at them air sports—real cup-chief.

Eph. Wal so I am now—every inch a-ching, as the man says in the play. (*Finishing with his suspenders—smoothing his hair—rolling up his coat-sleeves—and spitting on his hands.*) Come, come! fire away!—I'm tired o' waitin for that air everlastin nigger! Every man for himself! (*Sings, dances up to one and another, holding out both hands, &c. &c.—followed by others, every man singing a tune for himself.*) Toodle—oodle—oodle-oodle!—Gim-me hold o' your (*offering hands*)—toodle-oodle! oodle-oodle!—(*turning partners—casting off, &c. &c.*) take hold o' my (*both hands*)—toodle-oodle! oodle-oodle, &c.—(*In the midst of the uproar that follows, the fiddle gets a going again, and Major Smith is seen trying to speak with Ephraim—making signs, &c. &c. Just as he succeeds, the Stranger steps forward and pointing to Ephraim, gives him into the custody of two Constables. General consternation. All gather about him, and some begin to pull open his surtout and examine his clothes.*

Consts. (*Seizing him by the collar, one each side.*)—Come! come along, quietly!—if yo don't we'll sock you through the winder.

Eph. (*Tearing himself away, and tripping one up.*) Will ye though!—Let's see yer warrant, Mister Joe, or you'll have your hands full! (*They spring forward to seize him again—he steps back and presents a pistol.*) There's my warrant!—Now I should like to see yours!—(*Lydia rushes forward.*)

Lyd. In mercy Ephraim!—dear Ephraim! (*seizing his arm*) what does this mean? (*Constables and Squire Chew consult together.*)

Eph. How should I know, Liddy!

1st Con. Wal there! (*Presenting a paper to Eph. who reads and returns it.*)

Eph. Wal—*there!*—(*Putting away his pistol.*)—I'm ready to go with ye; but I should like to know where I'm a goin to.

2d Con. You're gwying to jail for to-night—an be examined in the mornin.

Eph. Hang a feller fust, an try him arterwards, hey?—Why can't I be examined to-night?

Sq. Ch. Wal, so you can—here's Squire Hobbs—an we'll just adjourn if you say so. (*General outcry, bustle and whispering.*)

All. What's he done?—what's he done?

Eph. Order!—order!—order!—If you'll just be quiet there I'll tell ye. (*Dead silence.*) In the first place, they say I've been a passin counterfit money!

All. O Lord!—oh my!—dear suz!—well taint true Ephy, is it?

Eph. You'll know best when the trial's over. In the next place, they say I'm the feller that robbed jineral Bray o' Winsor!—You see how my clothes correspond.

All. (*Looking at one another, and then at his clothes*)

Eph. An finally—ladies an gentlemen—they say how't Ephraim Jarsey, son of old deacon Jarsey 't served out the whole o' the revolutionary war 's a *spy!* (*General consternation—Lydia steps forward to look into his face.*) Begin to have some doubt now Liddy, don't ye? (*All eyes upon her.*) Leetle squrmish—aint ye?

Lyd. (*Firmly.*) No—*Ephraim—No!*

Eph. There's a gal worth havin!—Major Bob! jest take care o' Liddy, an then come over, an see me through the swamp will ye. There! (*to the constables.*) jog on!—jog on!

Several. I'll be yer bail, Ephy.

Eph. Guess I shant want any bail—nor hoops nyther.

Sq. Ch. I'll undertake for you Ephy—shant I?

Eph. Obleege to you, Squire Chew—but I mean to undertake for myself. (*Exeunt Constables—leading Eph Major Smith leading Lydia—others lingering about the door—fiddler heard sawing away—nobody speaks!*

Miss C. Wal——I thought as much!—what'll they do with him?

Brig. S. Never had the best opinion o' sech folks.

Girl. Wal, I wonder 't that!

Miss C. What did I tell ye!——Kind o' pity poor Lid Smith, somehow.

Men. Time to be a goin!—(*All bustle to the door.*) Come, hurraw, there! hooraw! them 'ts a goin! (*All hurry off.*)

Women. Why how on airth air we gwyin to git home? (*Some bustling after the men, others getting their cloaks, putting on their shoes, &c. &c.*)

Miss C. Plaguy shame—never saw a man yet would stand by ye at a pinch!

Miss J. Don't be fractious!—what's to hender our dancin as much as we like now?

Miss C. Let's have a reel!—a reel!—a reel!

All. (*Springing to their places.*) A reel! a reel!—(*Fiddler strikes up—they get fairly a going, when a pistol-shot is heard in the next room—all scream and scamper off.*)

SCENE 2. *Lobby to the Court-room. Ephraim, Uncle Jehediah, Major Bob Smith and Lieutenant Page in consultation.*

Eph. (*Thoughtful—with a paper in his hands.*)—There's a conspiracy here; an I rather guess I'll git to the bottom on't, afore I've done. What you say about the houses on the best down there below the bridge, is most enough to satisfy me. How many o' the troop's out?

Page. Six at the bridge, an four on 'tother side.

Eph. Guess ye better turn out a few more Major Bob—an if you see any strangers, I want you should keep yer eye on em. *Major Bob and Lt Page whisper together and Page goes out.*)

Uncle J. How do ye feel Ephy?—mister'ble enough, don't ye?

Eph. No, father—*not now; for now* I begin to see my way through the woods.

Uncle J. You dont do ye!

Eph. Yes, father—look here. (*Showing the letter.*) The feller that writ that air letter's playin a deep game. Ye see Major Bob never send him nor heerd o' him afore he gin this—saying that I'm the robber, &c. &c.—and that he'll find proofs in the school-house under the floor. Don't exactly know what he means—but this I know, that he [illegible] a friend nigh, somehow or other, where my clothes was—the time's where I left em five years ago, when you turned me out of doors—with no kinder—so much my fortin!

Uncle J. Why have ye cum?

Eph. Why father—fust in, I wuz pooty my old clothes, an I thought ye'd ketch on yer—nor Liddy's—an I'd chance somethin to speak of, an I rather guess I succeeded.

Brig. S. Guess ye have!

Eph. Wal I'd jest leave my best clothes where they'd be safe, agin a-time-o'-need.

Maj. B. Why not leave 'em to home Ephy?

Eph. Why, in the first place father, you might a' had somebody come to rig-out afore I gut back; an' in the next place, if I should want to get away my clothes, unbeknown to everybody, how could I do it?—(*Rap at the door.*) Walk in!

Enter MASTER TOBY.

Tob. I come to offer you my assistance in my power—for [illegible] appearances, I cannot help believing you innocent [illegible] in danger.

Eph. What say?

Tob. *Danger.*—The witnesses are here and ready to swear to your person. A suit of clothes have been found under the garret floor of the school-house, which correspond [illegible] with those worn by an individual resembling you [illegible] passed a counterfeit-bill to a shaker this very [illegible]. (*General surprise.*)

Eph. Shaker, hey!—O that clears up the broad brim I got pinpin' over the stone-wall to-night father!—[illegible] eye on him too, will ye?—Master Toby, I [illegible] should be at the trial—I may have to call you for an evidence.

Tob. With all my heart sir—How cool he is! (*To uncle J.*)

Uncle J. Dont like the looks o' that—rather suspicious to me.

Eph. Any proof o' my bein' a spy found yit?

Tob. I hear of none—perhaps the author of that letter may be there is person.

Eph. I hope he may!—Dont let him escape father, if he is. Major Smith, an' Master Toby (*with solemnity*) I depend upon you. After all, it may be a question of life and death to me. Take this paper Father, and give it to me when I ask for it. (*Handing a sealed paper to him*)—Ah—somebody at the door!

Enter two constables.

1st Con. We've concluded to have a sarch, afore we go any furder—so we'd thank ye to strip—

Eph. What!—*here!*—

2d Con. Wal, if ye dont like to here, jest walk inter the jury-room will ye?

Eph. If you insist upon't—yes. I say, Master Toby!—wish you'd jest keep an eye on my other clothes. Shouldn't like to have any thing slipped into 'em—you understand me (*Showing the letter*)—the proof o' my bein' a spy's to be found there. (*All clear out.*)

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

TAR-BRUSH SKETCHES.

BY A FELO-DE-SE.

NO. III.

A MIST, thick as Fanny Kemble's dear English fog, settles nightly on Callao,—with anything but 'healing on its wings.' It is redolent of fever and ague—ay, *redolent*—for one can snuff up the miasma. As the vessels lie at anchor, head to the wind, the white paint on the bows gathers a nasty yellow tinge, like the checks of a poor dog with the jaundice. It is a capital school for painters,—beginners we mean, who are just learning to shade; for the dirty yellow on the bows melts away to the clean white streak on the quarters, with a diminution of shade almost imperceptible, and as regular as if an artist had put it on. The ends of the jib-booms look as if a charge of powder had been blown on each, smoking it a short distance, and leaving the rest white. Stand on the heel of the bowsprit, and look aloft, you are ready to swear that the masts and yards are bronzed,—step aft and look from the quarter-deck, and they are white. The days are dry after ten o'clock—arid,—till night comes with the palpable fog I have attempted to describe.

Faugh! said I, as I poked my head above the forecastle hatch; I wish Callao and its fogs, St Lorenzo and its sand banks at the ——

Whist Benjamin Fiferail! dont be talking that way, said my watch-mate, a good natured specimen of the real Irishman. And here, while I think of it, I will anticipate the critic who is ready to tell me I have too much of an assortment of kindreds and tongues for a yankee merchantman. There is not sir—take my word for it—or if you will not do that, look at the shipping papers of any half dozen merchantmen. There were in our craft—a Dutchman, a Swede, an Englishman, and an Irishman,—and at one time, a Dutch second mate. To return to Dennis.

Whist Benjie! dont be talking that way of the ould one. They may be is always convanient to your elbow when you spake iv him. Suppose, my dear, he should clap his hand on yer' shoulder now, and whisper in the softest way in the worrld, "Benjamin, honey, what 'od ye have o' me?"

Does the devil talk with a brogue, Dennis?

To be sure he does. He can take his choice ye see, an is not he cunning enough, the ould sarpint, to know that a tip of the brogue jist puts the finish on to any man's spache?

But how shall we find out; I never heard him speak, did you?

No, but a fourteent cousin o' mine, a rollocking blade,—he was by my mother's side, an she was an O'Donahoe—

Never mind the relationship,—did your cousin O'Donahoe hear the devil speak?

Exacly, and more nor that, he see him too. He's a jontale nice looking body altogedther, barring, may be, that he is not so well shod, an is careful regardin' lettin' one see his feet—oh, it's an ugly cloven foot he has.

Tell us all about it Dennis.

To be sure I will, won't it give the watch a lift, a bit talk? A bit of backy—that's it Benjie, honey. Well you see I knew Phelim O'Donahoe, being he was my fourteent cousin, or somewhere about that lay, I can't say exacly—

Never mind, never mind, come to the devil as quick as possible.

Oh shut your ugly mout now, Ben Fiferail; if ye've a mind to come that way, do it widout lugging me in at all. But I'll tell the yarn, an then ye'll find its no such thrifle to chate the divil, Benjamin. Phelim was a rollocking blade, if he was a cousin of mine—

That's three times you've said so Dennis.

Oh get out now, will ye be quiet at all? Cousin Phelim was a rollockin blade, an he stood one day in Mother Me Graw's poteen shop, two other blades there was wid him. Sis they, Phelim, it is you must pay the drap liquor. To be sure it is, sis Phelim, for he was not the chap at all, to refuse to spind money, petick'ly when he hadn't a farden about him, which was pretty much his case every day in the week. Come here Mother McGraw, and gev us a mouthful of the crater. 'Is it you that want it, Phelim O'Donahoe? Then divil a drap do ye get at all, till ye've ped the ould score'—O some now Mother McGraw. 'Get out for an imperdint dog.'—*Misthriss* McGraw—' No blarney now Phelim.' Blarney, blarney, Misthriss Me Graw, its no blarney at all to be saying ye're purty and young looking—it is Misthriss they should call ye, and not mother, let who will be spakin to ye. 'Its an insinervatin way ye have, Phelim O'Donahoe,' said Mother McGraw, as she looked in the bit lookin glass stuck up wid a nail in the wall, an if I let ye have the sequchungh when will I get my pay Phelim?' Oh Mother, *Misthriss* McGraw I mane, while I step to the alder strate and get my pay for a small job, jist. 'Well Phelim, ye'll leave your jacket wid me, the while?' To be sure I will, sis Phelim, for the whiskey was before him, an he wouldn't stan upon thrifles. So they drank the drap sequchungh, till they made it a half pint spices they had got intil them, and Mother McGraw tonkl them that divil the drap more they'd get.

Well Dennis, I dont see what all this has to do with the devil, except that you take his name in vain every five minutes.

Oh you put me out now, where was I?

In Mother McGraw's poteen shop. It is lucky I did put you out, for you never could get out of a grog shop alone, in your life.

Bun't ta talkin' that blackguardin' way Benjie, darlin. Jist tell us where I left off.

Where Mother McGraw refused the liquor.

Ah, thrue for you: Mother McGraw tould that rollockin blade, Phelim O'Donahoe my mother's fourteent cousin, that divil a drop more he'd get. Phelim got in a mortherin passion; Mother McGraw, sis he, you ugly old—but it wouldn't be fair Benjie, to tell what Phelim called her in his cups, bekaze when he was himself, he was a gintel'man and perlite—he had the O'Donahoe blood in him like myself, seeing he was my fourteent cousin. Mother McGraw she tould him he'd bettet go get his pay for that jobs and that started Phelim, bekaze if the trusse were comin, he'd do money to resave at all; and only tould her the story to get the drap liquor. Mother McGraw, sis he, gev sis my cousin if you please. Phelim O'Donahoe, sis she, ye don't get it till ye pay me my bit bill of two shillins and four pence. Wid that Phelim made a grab at the jacket, but Mother McGraw, to kape it safe she stuck her purty arms through the slaves, and away she went to dale out a hap'worth o' candles to a gassoon that spake for them. If ever there was a she divil, Mother McGraw was one; and in Phelim's coat she looked more like the divil than ever.

She was the devil that Phelim saw, I suppose.

Botheration Ben, will you let me spin my yarn, or not? Whin Mother McGraw had put on the coat she thought she had floored Phelim intirely; but what does he do, the spalpeen, but chap on a sailor jacket that lay on the table, and bolt directly. Mother McGraw she springs to the door, but a respectbable lady, and hapes of a gintel chap wouldn't be sane in the street wid a man's coat on, and when she come to pull it off, it stuck to her shoulders like St. Patrick's curse to the toads. Put Dorothy, sis she, (that was one of Phelim's friends,) help me off wid this garmint. The divil a bit, sis he. An, seein she was a big woman Benjie, and Phelim but a withe of a man, the coat wouldn't come off for the asktd. So while she was tryin to lug off the garmint, Phelim made a pair of legs do the clane thing for him—

But Dennis, how could that be, he had drank whiskey enough to put his legs in irons?

You belave it? A half pint is a drop in the sea to a stout Irishman—

But you said Phelim was slender as a withe.

By the powers Ben, if you mane I should talk, you must hould your tongue. Phelim walked down to the quay, and wint to houlding a post up; along comes the skipper iv a brig that lay convanient to the wharf,—my man, sis he, are you an able sea-man? At that, sis Phelim, ahh! I'd like to try the shillelah wid him that 'ud dispute it.—You're the fine fellow I want jist, sis the skipper, and you shall take the place of a runaway, for I'll be going out to sea wid the tide. So betwane palaverin an chrivin he gets Phelim, who knowed as much of sammanship as our jintleman passenger, aboard of his brig, and to sea they wint to be sure, that avening. The name of the brig has gone from me altogedther—

Never mind it Dennis.

Never mind 'tis thin. Well Phelim as you may suppose didn't know the fore-top-sail halliards from the cook's bucket faniard, an he behaved like—

A blundering Paddy.

Get out you blackguardin' tief o' the world. Phelim did tumble round the decks sure enough, like a pig in a coach. Whin he'd lift up his leg to step, he couldn't somehow put down his foot where he meant to at all. The brig on the wind as she was, an' a short choppin sea runnin', she jerked round like a piece of a lunatic in a punch bowl, wid two or tree good fellows exercisin the ladle.

You're an unfeeling son of a gun, Dennis.

What for, I'd like to know?

Why, for mentioning punch;—it makes my tongue as dry as a powder magazine.

What's the differ whether your's be dry or wet, an its mine must do the talking, if you'd let me? I wish it 'ud dhry stiff, and then you'd kape it still a bit.

Oh, but Dennis it is so hard now, that if I shake my head it rattles against my teeth like a penny in a contribution box.

Rig it out into the fog thin, and that'll take off the knacks;—hould it still, any way, or I'll fasten a pump-bolt athwart your muzzle, and sling a spritsail yard for you, my darlin. Will ye be airy wid yer nonsense?—Well, as I was a saying Phelim couldn't find his sea legs, and the ould brig—

Was she an' old brig?

Dennis took no other notice of this interruption than to shake his fist in my face. The old brig knocked first about wickedly. A pitch, an Phelim 'ud fetch up agin the windlass—a send aft

him down, and the auld brig kem up direcly. Purty soon there was a divil of a shakin among the canvass—Phelim didn't like the looks of it at all—an it bothered him completely—but he thought what was sauce for goose was sauce for gandher, so if puttin the hellum down ad put the ould craft right one time, by the same token, it would anodther. So the more he shook the wind out, the harder he clapped the hellum down, the Captin singin out—what do ye mane ye bloody blackguard—its all aback ye'll be direcly, up! up!—Wid that Phelim looked up. Up wid yer hellum! sis the skipper. Then Phelim laid hould of the thiller hand, and thried to [illegible] it up, as ye'd draw a pum'boult wid a handspike—an not doin much that way, down he slumps on his marrow bones, and claps his shoulder under it. Oh you big Irish fool, sis the skipper, an he run aft—

Let me ask one question, Dennis.

Where'd be the use of denyin, when you'd axe, wedther or no?

Why the deuce didn't the skipper come sooner, when he saw Phelim cutting such quelms? He might have slapped her flat aback, and took out some of her light sticks.

Don't be such a gomeen now, as to think all this took as long as it does me to tell it. The Skipper kem as quick as he could, and laid hould of the thiller and—

What became of Phelim?

Oh, the next thing that b'y reminhers, at all, is that he found himself in the lee scuppers—he couldn't exacly tell how 'twas he kim there, but the sate of his trowsis was lame for a mont afterwards. All hands set to botherin Phelim, an a stout b'y like him wouldn't stan that you see. The blood of the O'Donahoes, I'm that blood meself, by my mother's side—

Oh d—n your mother!

It's too bad that Benjie—if twas a man had said that same, I'd rake a mounin over his eye ud be a beauty spot for a twelvemonth.

I didn't mean so Dennis—your mother is the best woman in the four divisions of Ireland, no doubt.

Och hone! Och hone! Its dead she is, but she was all that an more too. Well if you didn't mane it, you didn't, an no more said. Phelim's blood was up, an he gev it to them betther than they sint, a nice gift of spache he had, an no wondher, seein he was an O'Donahoe, and they have always been remarkable for spaches—

Dying speeches?

To be sure—dyin or livin, livin or dead. What are ye laughin at Benjie?

It would be a *hanging* matter to tell, Dennis.

Kape it to yourself thin. Phelim kicked up such a hullabaloo on the forekissle wid his red rag, that the Captin kem forrad an tould him to be aisy. Wid that Phelim up an shook his two fists so near the Captin's face that they stirred his whiskers—and thin they fell upon Phelim the gang o' them, and put a pair of lace ruffles on his wrists, an stowed him away in the cable tier betwane decks. He laid there four days, an thin the skipper knocked off his wristers an tould him to go on deck an be quiet—an so he did. Well, that night, the skipper tould him he was a good for nothing booby, an sis he, I'll horrse ye, ye dirthy block'id, an worrk ye up. Thin Phelim begin to show a bit o' the blood iv an O'Donahoe agin, but the skipper sings out, steward, my irons! and Phelim's Irish fell in a minnit.—Now Phelim, sis the skipper, sis he, I missed an Irish pinnant on the wedther clue of the maintopsail, jist you go up an bring it down, will ye? It was darrk an—

How could the skipper see a rope-yarn aloft, in the dark?

Are you a fool intirely Ben? Couldn't the skipper have one it forenint the night kim? An barrin that, couldn't he see the eye iv a murphy, on the ryal thruck, in the night, if he wanted to sind a b'y up to cut it out to worrk him? Well Phelim crawled up the riggin, an its careful he was to stick to it like a barnacle to a foul bottom. Divil a bit did he know where to look for the clue iv the topsil, in a darrk night; he'd a paped inter the captin's chist for it, soon as any way. He got up to the futtock shrouds an there he stopt—till the skippers's mout opened agin, wid all sorts iv hard names for him. Oh murdher Phelim O'Donahoe, sis he to himself—

Who heard him?

Oh murdher, where'll I find the pinnant, wid Erin go bragh, an a beautiful harp on it? Its not in this dirthy ship at all. Jist then he felt a warrm breath at his ear, an a v'ice said—go on the yard, Phelim, my son. Wid that it was afeard, he was. Ja!—Jasus he mint to holler, but a hand wid a glove to it stopped his mout, an its hot that hand was, through the glove, an a nasty smell wid it, that took Phelim's breath away. Git out on the yard, you lubberly baste, sis the skipper. An go on my son, sis the v'ice agin. Oh murdher, sis Phelim, I can't holler any way, for I'm struck spacheless—an I can't go out on that big ugly stick, for if I'd fall and dhrown, how would they wake Phelim O'Donahoe? Wid that he was lifted bodily, an divil a sowl could he see all the while, but his arrm felt like it had a hot sthring round it. The v'ice tould him where to find the clue iv the topsil, an out he crawled, bekase iv the fear he was in. An now, sis Phelim, I'd like that pinnant they tould about. The v'ice told him it was the ropeyarn. Have ye found the pinnant? sis the skipper. The blood o' the O'Donahoes was up, and Phelim was makin his mout to call the skipper a dirthy blackguard, for callin a sthray rope yarn an Irish pinnant, whin the v'ice answers, Ay, ay, sirr! Am I spakin or not, sis Phelim to himself, for the v'ice sounded so much like his own beautiful tongue that he couldn't be sure. Come down wid yerself thin, sis the skipper; an ay, ay, sirr! sis the v'ice agin. Ah well, thought Phelim, Father Murphy tould me iv the wondhers iv the deep, an this must be one o' those same, but whedther I sid Ay, or not, I'll be kaping my word an go down. Wid that he gits in, but whin he got to the bunt, what should he see, but somebody settin there on his heels, wid a coil o' rope undher him, an a long black coat on. Its a hurry yer in, Phelim O'Donahoe, sis black coat. Divil a word o' lie in that, sis Phelim. Oh, but there is, though, sis black coat. An sure enough there was, for Phelim found himself in no hurry at all, by rason that his legs wouldn't move undher him.

Now Phelim, sid the v'ice, for that an the black coat was the same, ye tould the skipper a big lie ye did, whin ye passed yerself for a seaman wid Mother McGraw's jacket on. You're mine intirely, for its no absolution ye'll git, and no priest widin a tousan mile o' ye. Thin Phelim thried to say his prayers, but not an ave ud come to him; he'd left his bades in pawn wid Mother McGraw, for a drap whiskey, the wicked sowl. Come down! sis the skipper. Ay, ay, sirr! sis the v'ice agin. Will ye lit me spake at all! sis Phelim. To me, as much as ye plaze, sis the v'ice. I'll not do that thing, sis Phelim. As ye plaze, sis black coat, I'll wait as long as you, an wid that he drew a pipe from his pouch, sthruck fire wid his knuckles, and wint to smokin. By an by, sis he, its not your skin I'd like to be in, Phelim O'Donahoe, the skipper will bate you into moufuls for a midge. Let me go thin, sis Phelim; an the skipper hollered agin. Phelim thried to say, I can't, but the words kem out of his mout, Ay, ay, sir, direcly. Thin the black coat coughed, an sid, Bad luck to ye, Phelim for makin me laugh, I got the smoke in my troat. Jis don't bodther yerrself an me too, I'll have ye any way, will ye go wid me or no? Wid that Phelim thought no, but it was yes, whin it kem out iv his mout an the auld un laughed agen. Now Phelim I'll tell ye, ye shall go for this wunst but I'll call for ye a year from this night—its eight bells that's jist sthruck, an ye'll want to kape yer watch below now—for its that watch ye like bist. At eight bells a year hence, ye'll be ready? Phelim sis yis, for divil another word could he spake, and the auld un got up—an wid the coil iv rope that Phelim saw, he took tree turns round his body. You'll have that? sis Phelim. If ye'll want it, sis the divil. Wid that he tossed him the ind, but Phelim dthropped it like a hot pratee. Now, sis the divil, I'll know you in a tousan; its my mark you've got on yer fingers.

But didn't he make a sailor of him?

To be sure, sid the auld un have Phelim no sailor, wid his mark on him? Wid a very decent bow, he bid Phelim good avenin, an put his pipe in his pouch. Stop, sis Phelim, for he was a very purlite body, seein, like meself he was an O'Donahoe, stop, sis he, you'll burrn yer pocket! Oh, sis the auld un, I don't mind thrifles, an thin he was missin. Phelim kem down an the skipper had his boots ready for a [illegible] wid him—but instid, sis he,—git out Phelim O'Donahoe, for a scaldy blackguard, if its brimstone you rub yourself wid, kape away from me. The next day Phelim took [illegible]—

[illegible]

Altogedther. The divil can't be a co[illegible] tailor, by rason he doesn't look aloft, but Phelim—

Got along aisily of course. Did the d[illegible] for [illegible]?

To be sure—when did the divil, or any [illegible] miss pay-day? Phelim [illegible] all hands [illegible] for the year, an whin the time was nigh [illegible] at the hellum. He had turned the last glass, an [illegible] let the vessel knock about like a crazy [illegible] divil is in her! sis the Skipper. Sure enough, [illegible], an gev a big groan. Its at yer auld thricks ye are [illegible] the skipper. I can't help that sirr, sis Phelim. [illegible] thin, the divil fly away wid you, for a big booby as [illegible] sis the skipper. Oh, murdher! murdher! don't [illegible] that, sis Phelim, for its jist the thing I'm afeard iv. [illegible] there was a clattherin undher the top, the divil was shakin himself for a fly away wid Phelim—it was out that the mad was jist, and wid his pipe in his mout, the divil rested his elbows on his knees, an his chin on his hands, an waited for the minnit. Look there! sis Phelim, an [illegible] the skipper looked he saw the divil's two burning eyes [illegible] at Phelim, like big balls of fire. Murdher! murdher! the glass is almost out entirely! An thin what? [illegible] skipper. The divil will fly away with Phelim O'Donahoe!—Is that the bargain? thin he don't fly wid [illegible] all!—an thin the skipper jerrked the glass off [illegible] binnacle, an he giv one half a toss due Nort, an th[illegible] Sout,—an sis he to the auld un, oh you big black blackguard, off wid you! to hell wid you!

Don't swear Dennis.

Well I won't, but that's what the s[illegible]. He tould him to go home agen—and where's [illegible] that? He gave a big howl, an flew away direc[illegible] pipe out intirely.

Is that all Dennis?

Every word—barrin that the backstays [illegible] were sthranded where his wings sthruck, an [illegible] job iv the seamanship the divil larnt him, to mind [illegible] chief afther him; an the paint on the top was smoked wid a nasty yeller like the way Callao paints ship for us.

Well Dennis, we've stood a watch for all hands—how many bells is it?

Its three o'clock, said the mate, coming round the bow of the long boat.

Its not aslape we've bin, sir, said Dennis.

I know that. I didn't hear the bell struck and it waked me—come aft and whet your whistle Dennis, after your long yarn.

That bates me, said the good natured Irishman, as we, nothing loth, followed the mate aft. I've known a noise to wake a man, but that no noise at all should disturb his slape, bates me intirely.

NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1835.

NOTICES OF PUBLICATIONS.

OUTRE MER. We can't—the thing is impossible—we cannot do these quiet, graceful and unpretending volumes justice in the New-England Galaxy. One might as well try an air composed for the Dorian flute with a chorus of gongs, trumpets and bagpipes—to say nothing of brick-bats and tommy-hawks. If Washington Irving had never appeared, Henry W. Longfellow would occupy about the place now in literature, which the author of the *Sketch Book* does—not the author of *Knickerbocker* mind ye, that's another affair—but since, owing to no fault of Longfellow, he happened to be the day after, he labors under a great disadvantage. In the first place there is a general resemblance in the character of the two men—they are alike in their unobtrusive gentleness—alike in their sly humor—alike in their pleasantry—they are acquainted, have associated together, and perhaps travelled together,—at any rate they were in Old Spain together for a long while. Now, under all these circumstances, how would it be possible for Longfellow the youth, not to catch something of the peculiar tints that were always playing about the countenance of that mind, so much older, so much admired by himself in common with *millions*, and so renowned. As well might Booth hope to avoid a resemblance to Kean—after being made like him. There was a disadvantage. And you see it in the first number of *Outre Mer*. But after awhile, and long before the author gets through, another and a braver spirit begins to betray itself—the reflected hues die away of themselves—and lo! another, a steadier, a loftier, and a serener dye appears—the lustre of the evening and the setting sun—the mild beauty of the stars and the luxury of the moonlight—the language of serenity—the look of truth and nature, and the outbreakings of *originality*—but of unpretending, unostentatious originality. This—and this only have we waited for. We know Mr. H. W. Longfellow, and we know of what he is capable—but he misunderstands himself and his own power, and is alike misunderstood by others; he underrates himself, and is underrated even by those who most praise him. But he is gone to the *North* now—and the *North* will prove our words true. There are those who wax faint and sleepy in the South—and talk gently and soothingly—who, when they get where the 'north wind is pealing among her banners', have a lifting voice that can make itself heard even there. Of such is Henry W. Longfellow—though he may not know it himself, and we believe *does* not.

PORTLAND MAGAZINE FOR JUNE. The best article in it, and one of the happiest and cleverest things of our day, under the title of "*My day of Tribulation*"—we shall publish in our next. How unlike anything yet produced by the fair editor!—and yet of almost equal to the best. But our readers *will* judge for themselves, and be hanged to them!—Pity she left out one of the best incidents of the whole which we happen to be acquainted with; but these women are so exceedingly squeamish—when the flowers begin to blow, and the warm air to breathe lustily about their mouths. Uncle Davy, the hero of the tale, and his two boys, actually stole behind the bushes, while the authoress and his wife were lolling about on the rich green turf—and stripped and went in a swimming together!—Now that we take to be a point worth preserving.—For ourselves we wouldn't have lost it for the tip of a little finger—which belonged to a neighbor.

The rest of the number not very remarkable, though abounding in brief stories just good enough, and not a bit too good for a ladies' Magazine. Were it much better, it would be much less cited. One poem however—*The Missionary*, abounds in good thought and good language, and another, *Lake George*, by Barlow the Phrenologist and Anatomist, hey?) proves the author to be a fellow of genius. It is a page of illuminated manuscript, dotted with extravagances and stained with shadows—and yet you may find a spatter of rich ore among the earth, gold-dust among the brass-filings, and the essential fire of poetry—the fire in which all earthiness passes away at last, and gems are smelted—like a visible vitality glowing amid the dust and ashes, and shining up through the cracks and fissures of what to the observer might appear a crust of countless rubbish, and circulating through the whole mass like something alive and busy and portentous—trying to escape!—And escape it will—that unquenchable fire! though it shatters its prison like an earthquake and tear a passage for itself through the very foundations of life. N.

NEW-ENGLAND MAGAZINE: for June. A very fair number as we take it—though nothing to be compared with what a New-England Magazine should be, and might be, if it were *heartily* and steadily encouraged. But so it is—while we brag ourselves out of breath and other people out of all patience about our *national* literature and our *native* authors, whenever we get a chance. The amount of all experience for half a century is that that there are not five thousand people in the whole United States willing to pay *ten cents a week* for the support of a *National Magazine, or Review!* The thing is clear—we lie in our throats whenever we talk about our national pride; or simper and make-believe about our country for a national character. We have no business to mention the words—we only make ourselves and them a laughing-stock. We have writers enough, and to spare—God knows—in these United States—and they could do more now, in a time of peace, toward extending the reputation of our country over all the earth, forty times more, if they were properly encouraged than all our merchants and lawyers and preachers and statesmen and orators, put together. We must have our own writers—our own literature, and our own manufacturers of that literature, else we never shall be independent in fact, whatever we may be in theory. As [illegible]—what though *foreigners*—[illegible] cheaper, is that a reason for [illegible] the *defence* of [illegible] institutions, *the hopes of our* [illegible], to the [illegible]ship of mercenaries and *foreig*[illegible]. No! we must learn to defend ourselves—and we never [illegible] this, till we are strengthened and encouraged as the [illegible] of the Revolution were, with the uplifted hands of a [illegible] people, and the outcries of a Nation in travail with [illegible] own destiny.

One word of this number in a [illegible] particular fashion.

Art 1. *Peleg Sprague.* A [illegible] for the facts embodied in it; wholly [illegible] of the subject and the author, as a biographical [illegible]. Are these men to be made familiar with us, or [illegible]?—It will never be done in this way. It is [illegible] newspaper. Chisel their faces in the living [illegible] mould them with bread crumbs, or shoemaker's wax, or refuse putty. Are we to understand their character, and see and hear them, as they thunder and lighten along their appointed course, like the chariots of heaven. Out with all your strength—learn to see—learn to feel—lay your hand upon differences as well as upon resemblances. No two men, that God ever made are alike in any one thing. Why use the same language therefore in describing everybody—barring a few superfluous adjectives. No, [illegible] Sprague and the rest of those worthies who have [illegible] up, 'like giants in array' upon the very [illegible] regard as the chief citadel—the [illegible] country——*the last of the Republic*[illegible] ful to ourselves or forgetful of our tr[illegible] ity—their lives are yet to be written; [illegible] written as Michael Angelo sculptured—[illegible] generous to go near him while at work—or [illegible] Carravaggio painted—with a thunderbolt.

7. *Chapter on Whaling.* Exceedingly off-handed and spirited. But why the devil didn't the author keep on—why stop there?—From this little circumstance and the initial, to say nothing of the internal evidence (don't apply that with an *f*,) we should suspect our junior here——only its too good for him!

[You're right—exactly—so much too good for him that he didn't write a word of it,—and never saw it till it was published in the New-England. W.]

8. *The Press and the Convent Question.* Mum's the word——it goes confoundedly against the grain, but——nevertheless—*mum* is the word.

11. *Confession of Judas Iscariot.* By the author of a piece of auto-biography in the last number, of course—we forget the name. We allude to the man who lived some forty years next door to his wife, without letting her see him—and then went back to her! That's what they would call a *snorter* in some parts of our earth.

12. *Rebecca*—by Mellen. We are right glad to see our friend Mellen waking up. Of a truth he is not understood by his countrymen—they overrated him in a foolish way once; they now, and always have underrated him in his loftier and more glorious manifestations. There are not a few very decent pearls here—to say nothing of two or three live carbuncles on the string.

13. *Rill from the Town Pump.* Reviving—keep that fellow Messrs Editors—you may make something of him yet—barring accidents.

16. *Cabinet Councils.* We must pray leave to amend or get a replender—if not, here goes for beginning *de novo*. Philip Van—what's the name? we have not met with him yet—is not altogether so bad as we insinuated—judging by another passage relied upon by our adversary Singleton.—It is indeed magnificent—we speak of the first—

'Oh what a fiery heart was his!—such souls,
Whose sudden visitations daze the world,
Vanish like lightning; but they leave behind
A voice, that, in the distance far away,
Wakens the slumbering ages.'

Yes that *is* poetry—about half as good poetry as we fling away every week upon the readers of the New-England Galaxy in advertisements and puffs—page after page!

The other sample, though quoted high and rather Shakesperian we acknowledge, is nevertheless wretched stuff—all but one idea, '*Wherein the light lies ambushed.*'—There—that'll do, hey?

17. *Critical Notices*—bold, saucy, clever, and rather *honest*, we take it. But quere, where the writer abuses 'New-England and her sons,' after We had certified to its worth. We positively can't agree with him there. And again—quere to this—'We have some doubts whether we ought not to rank Mr Simms *first of American novelists*. None, but Miss Sedgwick and Cooper can *be at all compared with him*.'—'*In general conception of character, Mr Simms takes the lead.*' No, no, we can't agree to that neither—having read *Logan*, *Randolph*, *Seventy-Six*, and *Will Adams* in our youth; and seen two or three other people who pretended to have done as much, and who remembered at least the title-page—to say nothing of the rest of a wheelbarrow-load of books by ourself. It were too much—'much too much'—to expect a hearty accordance with such opinions, while we are actually doing our *prettiest*, as people say here, to negotiate for a republication of all our own mishaps—and in the rage for adventure just now, wouldn't mind *bonding* the best of them at an astonishing bargain——for the auctioneers and trunkmakers.

N. B. The rest of the articles not worth mentioning—and we are beginning to grow sulky. Wo to the next peace offering we take up! Ah! what have we here?

ANNALS OF PHRENOLOGY. Vol. II. No. 1. With *outline sections of Spurzheim's head*. No, no, we can't abuse this work. It is really too honest a thing—and so, the truth shall out, if we die for it—gulp!—Now are we ready for it—pump or no pump—the *Annals* are just the work that is wanted now. We recommend it most heartily—we urge it upon all who care to understand the subject of Phrenology, whether they are or are not believers. On one subject alone, so far as we have had time to look into this number, do we disagree with the contributors. We hope *the examination* of heads may be continued night and day, by every body and any body, pretenders and quacks at least, if by nobody else. All their impudence and folly—their very blunders are helping forward the science. It puts people upon enquiry—and the right kind of people too. You cannot expose a blockhead or a knave *without understanding* the subject yourself in some measure at least—and therefore—to the dogs with all your cautiousness and timidity about examining heads! What have we to do with the 'maxims' of Spurzheim—we are *learners*—he was a *teacher*—he could tell at a glance—we can hardly tell with our fingers—and therefore we say, Push on! Keep moving! The more the merrier! Examine every body's head you can get near—inside and out if you like—that's the way! What if you do blunder at every step?—so do all beginners. What should we know of astronomy, of agriculture, any of the multiplication-table itself, but for a long course of blundering experiment upon the patience and credulity of all who knew less than ourselves? How many are there who wouldn't sit still in their chairs—or hardly lie still in their graves, were you to assure them, upon your honor that our earth is a globe, revolving upon its axis? or that apples and plums are manufactured? or that by multiplying itself in geometrical ratio a grain of wheat may become the generator of millions? Let the honest, the inquisitive and scientific pursue their way as best suits themselves,—but for God's sake don't interfere with the blockheads and mountebanks who are abroad, collecting facts *at their own expense*, for the establishment of a universal faith in Phrenology. N.

MRS HALE'S MAGAZINE, for May. A very good number, strong, clear, wholesome and sufficiently deep.

'Gentle, yet not dull—without o'erflowing full.' N.

PENNY CYCLOPEDIA. It seems to be determined that no such excuse as necessary ignorance shall be left to this generation—if it exist, it must be wilful—the means of acquiring general knowledge, being put within the compass of every body's means. Here is a monthly publication, embracing concise and correct information upon every subject—and referring the reader who wants more minute information to the proper authorities, issued in numbers at 12 cents each. Sixteen have been published, going nearly through the letter A. The work is in a convenient form for binding, neatly printed, and when complete, will form a library of reference not to be obtained so well or so cheaply in any other way. It differs from other periodicals in the fact that from its character it is not ephemeral—but will be as useful to succeeding generations as to the present. Agents in Boston, Munroe & Francis. Having alluded to our non-receipt of this publication after the first numbers, we owe it to the publishers to state that the omission was an inadvertence, and contrary to their [illegible]. W.

MARYLAND COLONIZATION JOURNAL. According to all appearances now, the day is not far distant when Maryland—even Maryland will be a non-slave-holding state. And this is as it should be. Maryland was first and foremost in publishing universal toleration to all the inhabitants of earth—peace and good will to all mankind. Long before Roger Williams of Rhode Island, or William Penn, of Pennsylvania, and while the Fathers of New-England were hunting the Quakers to death, and wasting the heritage of the Lord with a destroying fire, the Catholic Baltimore, *Lord* Baltimore, was offering a refuge to the persecuted of all nations, and kindred and tongues.—It is well therefore that his descendants and the descendants of them that were with him in that glorious work, should take the lead in another and yet more glorious work—the emancipation of millions! and millions too, not merely of black men, but of *white* men. For in the United States of America, even the masters are slaves—and in the slave-holding states, it is *We the people*, who are to be benefitted by a provident, gradual, and sure emancipation of the blacks, even more than the blacks themselves.

The whole plan, with its history, prospects, resources and hopes are all set forth in this Journal, which costs but *fifty cents a year*. It deserves to be diligently read. The Philanthropist, no matter what side he is on: the Patriot—whether of this or another country; of the old world or of the new, the well-wisher of the white man, and the well-wisher of the black may all unite here in the Maryland scheme.

The following beautiful and more than beautiful—*exalted* poetry, we find in the first number of this work.

There's many a bark has proudly borne
The thunder freight of war,
Whose canvass, in the sun-light worn,
Has shewed, nor rent, nor scar;
Whose banner, upon summer seas
Has hung in idle fold,
Or, answering to the whispering breeze,
Its country's glory told.

To India's far, and spicy isles,
To Europe's crowded strand,
To where the sun, unsetting, smiles
Upon an ice-bound land,
The peaceful sail of commerce wends
Its long and weary way,
Whether the frowning storm attends,
Or laughs the south wind gay.

Proud heralds of a nation's might!
Rich bearers of its gems!
They walked the seas, in robes of white,
The waves' true diadems.
Now trembling near the whirling cloud,
Earth's center seeking now,
Secure in mast and spar, and shroud,
Safely the deep they plough,
While warrior arms their flag outspread,
While rolls the rattling drum,
And stars and stripes are set o'er head,
And sails are sheeting home.

But not the moving battlement
That sweeps the watery plain,
Nor ship to earth's far regions sent
For trade's uncertain gain,
As bravely o'er the billows prest
As shall "the craft," which bears
To Africa, on woman's best,
Her bounty and her prayers.

P. S. Mr Wyncoop, the agent of the Maryland Colonization Society is now on a tour of duty. He has lately been heard in Portland under circumstances very disadvantageous, yet he was exceedingly successful. N.

PARKER'S EXERCISES IN COMPOSITION. R. G. Parker, Principal of the Franklin Grammar School.—Boston, Robert S. Davis. A very understandable sort of a school book—and that we take it is saying a good deal for any school book in our days. Ben Franklin—rare old Ben—got his knack of writing English, by translating papers from Addison into pure Yankee, and after awhile, returning the Yankee into English. A very good plan, but not to be compared with Parker's progressive lessons which are calculated to help forward the pupil just so fast and no faster. He begins with supplying words—phrases—sentences—paragraphs—and he ends with supplying ideas, and learning to *think* in black and white. On the whole therefore, let the book prosper! N.

A COMPREHENSIVE ATLAS, Geographical, Historical and Commercial. By T. G. Bradford. Ticknor, Boston; Wiley & Long, New York; Ash, Philadelphia; *and as we hear*, Goodrich, Boston, publishers. Here now is a work which if we had time and space, we should delight in reviewing as it deserves to be reviewed; but as we happen to have neither just now, and for the sake of all interested, are unwilling to delay our testimony in its favor—the dear public must be satisfied with a brief hop—skip—and a jump sort of a notice. The book itself is an accumulation of useful facts, admirably arrayed, illustrated by maps, engravings, &c, and so exceedingly well calculated for the wants of a people who are lawyers, merchants, mechanics, and schoolmasters, by birth—and who require to know a little of everything, that we recommend it earnestly to the people as a body. After that we recommend it to every man who feels a desire to understand the history, growth, prospects and resources of his country, and every part of his country, and the relationship she bears to every other nation of the earth. To our Editors it must be invaluable—to our schoolmasters a treasury of indispensable knowledge—to our merchants a library—to our statesmen, yea even to our politicians, a mine of wealth, and a prodigious labor saving machine. A man must be a greater blockhead than he was ever taken for—even by his wife—who couldn't make a first rate speech *anywhere*, or a first rate newspaper article about anything, at five minutes notice, with such a book at his elbow. In a word—we look upon it as directly and certainly superseding all other works of the kind with which we happen to be acquainted. The *Comparative charts*, which enable you at a glance to see the *relative* magnitude *of all animals*, and of *all countries*, among other things, we regard as an exceedingly happy idea. To all, and to children especially, it will do that *which nothing else can do*. May it be a fortune to the publishers—and the author! N.

FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW, Foster's Republication. Vol II. No 1. Here is a work we always greet with pleasure, and always read with profit. If our readers feel disposed to question what we say, namely, that it is decidedly, and beyond all comparison the best work of the sort ever published—let them read and judge for themselves. N.

PARLEYS ALMANAC. Freeman Hunt, one of those mortals in the book and periodical manufacturing line, who are endued with a quality which we shall call never-keep-still-ability, has issued in New York, from which city he now hails, proposals for a new almanac. It is to contain some ninety octavo pages. The New York Sunday Times says that the engravings are executed with a degree of neatness altogether superior to the cuts which usually *ornament* almanacs, and in addition to the usual almanac matter, Peter Parley will give his patrons much of a commercial, practical, amusing and instructive kind. W.

COURIER AND ENQUIRER. 'Happen what may, one is pretty sure of getting his money's worth at last, all in a lump, of this bold and excellent paper. If the Post-office and Post-master of—we should like to say where to avoid contention, manage so as to prevent our seeing the Courier and Enquirer for a whole week at a time—why, we are pretty sure to get some of the missing ones at last and they, *old* as they are, we wouldn't exchange for half a score of newer papers which are now in full favor with most 'thinking people.' And then, every few days or weeks at farthest, we get a half bushel or so in one sheet, which though it were to contain the news of Bonaparte's return to Elba, or the death of the Princess Charlotte, would be worth half a hundred of our common papers. N.

THE GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY, a paper which had always more of ginning than simple sugar in its composition, though both are staple commodities of 'Varmount state,' came to us last week with a notice that it 'is to be discontinued for the present.' We are sorry, as it was one of the most tart and clever papers on our exchange list;—but it died game—saucy, wilful, and not a little wicked to the last. Peace to its manes. W.

POLLOK'S COURSE OF TIME. His loftiest idea of Heaven and the Walls of Heaven was, that they were covered with phantasmagoria and triple-headed, shifting shadows and curiosities—got from a dark lantern or the walls of London, or in the neighborhood of large provincial towns—or suggested by the eels in vinegar, seen thro' a [illegible] on a winter place, and aspiring with [illegible] day.' N.

THE EARTHQUAKE AT TALCAHUANA. Our New-England hills may be sterile—and our soil, requiring industrious and laborious culture to produce the necessaries of life, may, at a first glance, contrast ill with those sunny lands whose spontaneous growth are natural luxuries. Beneath the surface of our New-England earth, are embowelled no glittering ores, and the wild springs upon our hills are enriched with no sparkling gems; but in the one, substantial treasures lie plough-deep only, and the others are the sources of rivers whose flow, in their application to the assistance of industry and enterprise, enrich by a process, slow to be sure, but neither degrading or prostrating mind or body. Who would exchange New-England—barren as she is—for climes richer in vegetable or mineral products, when the germination of the one, and the formation of the other, require a sun whose heat unnerves and debilitates—or such frightful laboratories as Vesuvius, Etna, and the Volcanoes of the Andes; and earth in her throes prostrates city and hamlet—palace and cottage?—as at Calabria in the time of Kercher, at Lisbon and Lima in the last century, at Arica recently, and at Conception in February last.

From the letter of a friend who happened to be a witness of the convulsion which destroyed Conception, dated Talcahuana, Feb. 22d, we gather the following particulars. The vessel to which he belonged, the William & Henry of Salem, anchored in the bay two hours before the first shock, on the morning of Feb. 20—fortunately for her, under the lee of an Island. The shock occurred at about eleven o'clock, lasting about five minutes—the water retreated from the bay, leaving vessels aground which had anchored in six fathoms of water.—It returned in three rollers mast head high, overflowing the land and sweeping the ruins of Talcahuana, and three or four villages in the harbor—so that what of the work of destruction was left undone by the earthquake, was completed by the inundation. Household furniture and chattels were adrift in the harbor,—among the articles picked up by the William & Henry, were a piano, guitars, and other articles of luxury—sickening tokens amid the desolation, at once of the perfection of man's reason in devising cunning ministers to his pleasure, and of the utter futility of its exercise before the wrath of the elements. A number of the residents who were on board the vessel, were horror struck upon the first indications of the earthquake—beating their breasts, and rending the air with frantic exclamations. Unlike other unfortunate peculiarities of different climes, these convulsions never by recurrence, though sometimes occasioning but slight damage, inure the residents to any thing like fortitude on their threatened occurrence. On the contrary, as a native advances in age, or an emigrant lengthens his residence, his fear becomes more intense.

Capt. Whitten, of the Coral, arrived at New Bedford on Saturday last, gave the Editors of that place an account, from which we extract the following.

The 5th of March it was stated there that from 25 to 30 towns, beside many small villages, between Conception and the Cordilleras, were scenes of complete ruin. From 4 to 500 lives were lost just in that section of country, but probably thrice that number have been buried in the ruins.

Talcahuana was not only shaken down, but the fragments of houses and stores were swept away by the sea, which rose twenty-five feet above the level, and overwhelmed the whole place. Men, women and children, fled to the mountains, but many were overtaken and swept to the ocean by the returning waves, which completed the destruction of the town. Conception is one heap of ruins; being built principally of brick, there is not even one habitable dwelling left standing within the limits of the city, and for leagues around.

Capt. Whitten represents the scene during the first shock as appalling. The trembling of every thing around—the boiling of the sea, as when water is heated over a fire—the earth opening wide, giving forth the most terrific moans, and laboring with internal fires—buildings tottering in every direction—and now whole blocks of brick buildings rock from their foundation. In their fall they meet others, and all, as if locked in death, sink, with a tremendous crash, into the gapping earth, leaving no trace of their existence save the smoke and ashes which arise from the confusion. The scene was one of thrilling and awful sublimity.

THE PORTLAND STEAMER. Portland is waking up, and we believe getting up—and we *hope*, right *eend* foremost. A capital steamer of nearly five hundred tons, and *no less than one hundred seventy-one feet on deck*—there's for ye!—with a ladies' cabin of twenty-four feet by thirty eight—state rooms for groups and families and parishes—and forty other things to match, in short one of the best, handsomest and safest—(at some future period we hope to say swiftest and tidiest) boats in the world—was launched at Portland last Friday. Such a beautiful day! The blue waters flashing with sunshine—the still bluer sky drifting away as it were with cloud after cloud of dazzling white vanishing away before the smooth pleasant wind—the green shores of Cape Elizabeth—and the pile-up rocks of all the neighboring islands—the glittering white wall of the fortification that beleagues, any approach to the harbor—the ten thousand *well dressed* spectators with their *earnest* faces, *unshadowed* eyes, and most, *unwritten* music'—with the hundreds of oars dropping fire—and the boys and the women—the shawls and the bonnets—the banner and the music—and the—the—and the—&c. &c. &c! Ah, if we had only been there, what a paragraph we might have made of it! But we were too busy—and therefore, all we have to say is, that the Portland is a capital boat for we examined her before the launch, and if she turns out as well as we hope, and believe, the young New Yorker who built her (we forget his name) will have assisted in taking away the foulest reproach that clings to us. In about six weeks we shall see her verifying all our predictions—or, may we be hanged if she doesn't get a rib-roasting instead of a puff. One word now of her dimensions.

Length on deck	170 feet.
Beam,	27
Depth of hold,	10 6-12
Tonnage,	460
Diameter of wheels,	20 6-12
Middle paddles,	10 3-12

The main cabin runs fore and aft the whole length, and contains *ninety berths*, and eight in the forecastle. On the centre of the main deck is the ladies' cabin 24 by 38 feet, with no less than eight state-rooms having four berths each, and two private rooms for parties, families, &c. The boilers are to be placed on the guards—mark that! ye who principled against blow ups—with bulk heads for safety, which we look upon as boiler-proof, to say the least of them. On the forecastle deck is a saloon of *twelve feet by twenty*—with a multitude of other conveniences 'too tedious to mention.'

So much for the new Portland Steamer—the resurrection of a new and we hope unquenchable spirit among the Down Easters. Let no man twit us hereafter with our wretched newspapers and public houses, and yet more wretched public spirit—we are beginning to have houses that need not be scraped with a barn-shovel, nor perfumigated with burnt rags, and we hope to have newspapers worth reading one day or another. Let no man laugh at us for our short-sightedness, our wrongheadedness, or our niggerdliness hereafter—at our blackberry bushes or thistle tops, or dandelions—which to say the least of them are worth as much as the *dandy-lions* of New-York—at our grist-mills, or saw-mills, and our ten thousand factories, (more or less) all whirring and whizzing and clattering together—nor even at our strange down-easterly names—Havn't we as good a right to our *Plank Sawyers* (dont mistake that for another sort of mill, we pray you) as you to your *Preserved Fish*—ay, and to our *Thankful Hussies* also if you come to that—for we mean to have a plenty of good public houses before long—and a few private *dittos*—all our old-fashioned people rechristened—a rail-road to Quebec—and the pleasantest and healthiest watering place in all North America before we have done with it—God willing. N.

P. S. We are told the launch occurred on *Saturday* instead of *Friday*!—and that all we have said or may say about the ten thousand spectators, and the shawls and the bonnets and all that—may as well be put aside for another occasion. But we say no!—Is it our fault if the description doesn't suit? No—Friday or Saturday what care we?—and as for the spectators, what matters it whether there were ten, or a hundred thousand, since the boat is a capital boat, and we were determined to give her a fashionable broadside, worthy of New York herself; and that before we could be suspected of being bribed as editors are sometimes by a free ticket or so and a state room for themselves.

ADVICE. No man ever received more. No man ever used less. Therefore, no man is better qualified for furnishing others. N.

FRANCE. So then, after all we are in a fair way of getting fewer kicks than coppers from the French; though between ourselves reader, we don't exactly see how the apology is to be worded, nor in what language it is to be called for. Nevertheless, the French are a magnanimous people—that's a fact—and in this particular transaction they have done themselves immortal honor—we mean just what we say; we are perfectly serious—*immortal honor*. They have had the courage to do what none but the truly magnanimous ever did—*to be just to themselves*, without caring a fig for the injustice of others. They have had the greatness to say—There! there's that are trifle! And now let's talk about your pretty way of dunning folks for a debt of honor, and be d—d to ye! N.

COUNTRY NEWSPAPERS. In a country town, where nothing remarkable in the way of an accident or crime occurs oftener than once in an age, except perhaps the birth of a remarkable calf, the ungain shape of a potatoe, or the overheating of an oven at Thanksgiving time; but where a newspaper is printed and must have its quota of miracles and horribles, it is laughable to see how a home manufactured accident, or a little storebreaking frolic is paraphrased. For instance, in China, Maine, $100, a piece of calico, and a piece of broadcloth, two sticks of tape, and a paper of pins were recently stolen from a store, in the night time. The paper of that ilk dubs this very common place sort of a robbery, a 'nefarious crime!' and calls upon the dear public to exercise 'unwearied vigilance to arrest and bring to justice the villain who may be guilty of such gross and attrocious temerity'!! W.

OHIO AND MICHIGAN. The Courier and Enquirer complains, and justly enough it must be acknowledged, of the alarming apathy shewn by the public press on the subject of the dispute between Ohio and Michigan. But what is the use of complaint? *Our public are too well fed* to care for such things. It was just so with the North-Eastern Boundary; just so with the South Carolina [illegible]—is now and ever will be so long as we have no foreign adversary to keep us alive, and nothing but our own bread and butter to quarrel with—nothing to do but make money—electioneer—and manouvre. But the case of Michigan and Ohio is a very serious thing—say what you please of it; and if the able exposition we find in the Courier and Enquirer is faithful, Ohio is decidedly in the wrong. And if so—being what she is in relation to her youthful sister Michigan, surely an appeal to her generosity, to her magnanimity, nay to her justice, if it were made in good faith, and by the general voice of a great nation would not be ineffectual. Let us hope for the best therefore—and prepare for the *worst*—for the *worst* may come in consequence of the very apathy complained of. Who cares to be just or generous—about these days—if nobody knows it? N.

MR LAURIAT, in a card in some of the city papers, gives the reasons of his failure on Monday. They were principally defective gas pipes, which permitted the gas to escape, and delayed the operation of inflating,—his anxiety to relieve the spectators of suspense, which induced him to attempt to ascend before the the balloon was sufficiently inflated, and the movement of some injudicious friends who threw in more ballast than was needed, or intended. The balloon, which got extricated from the netting, and made a flight alone descended on Thompson's Island, and was recovered with little injury. Mr L. means to try it again.

MASTER FRIBBLE. It is a positive fact—if any such can be put in newspapers or in the the cattle that furnish their hoppers and are paid—or ought to be—by the line, that our dear little whipper-snapper friend, N. P. Willis—our *friend* in spite of his affectation, foppery, cleanliness and puppyism; and a fellow of exquisite genius and taste, notwithstanding his childishness and pretensions, and a most agreeable writer; notwithstanding his want of manliness, vigor, loftiness and *sincerity*, has actually been presented to their Majesties of Great Britain—so the story goes—and it is our business to make the most of it. One would think it were a national honor—that he had borne our brave country's war-flag into the strong hold of our chief adversary—couldn't we manage to get up a celebration for the honor? Blockheads that we are!—[illegible] Dunn Hunter, and a half a hundred more of like impostors and fools from our country, have been presented [illegible] the same court—and anybody may [illegible] with a [illegible] on his back, a letter or two and twenty-five dollars in his pocket, which he may not happen to want for his washerwoman—the price you have to pay for *the honor*, partly by hiring a dress for the occasion, with bag, sword, chapeau and ruffles to match, and partly in having the fact announced in the Court paper. Oh, but our country ought to be proud of herself—and her newspapers! There's our friend of the Evening Star now, and half a hundred more of those who are called the *veteran* editors of the day—no sooner did the fact reach us, by telegragh, or how?—than they were all brought to bed with a monster spice—and the *Star* goes on blazing with the annunciation up to this moment, we dare say. N.

EXCHANGES. Having a large list of exchanges, we are obliged to decline new ones—but here is a chap determined to have the paper at all events—and he will have it—and so may all others, printers or not, who offer such terms and abide by them—always in advance.

'There is an old saw, which though trite, has much sound philosophy in it—it is—that perseverance overcometh all things—and as we are believers in it, we have taken up the third number of our paper for the current year to send you greeting: asking, as plain as pen can ask, EXCHANGE. Now, you have manifested a huge degree of repugnance to this same proposition of ours, having at first twice before rejected it—we by the bye are most patient and forbearing mortals, and very inquisitive withal, and we fear you have concluded that the latter overcome the former virtues as is most notably evinced by our unconquerable determination to petition for a sight of the Galaxy. If our paper has not sufficient attraction to induce you to vouchsafe the exchange, why then send the Galaxy and charge to us, commencing with the first of May. Your bill on presentation will be paid—or if it suits you better we will remit by mail. We read the first number published by Graham, and having a taste for such *gentle* abrasions of the skin, flesh and bones, we desire to read the Galaxy.'

STREET SKETCHES.

Approach to London—a dismal foggy morning.

What queer signs they have along that road. '*Cake and Ail here*'—A-i-l?

Cake first, and *Ail* afterwards hey?

Holloo boys! where now?—where you drivin, so fast?

Goin to see a fellow *straightened in his circumstances*.

To the old Bailey, hey?—Will he die game, [illegible]

That's what he will! The parsons were with him all night long, and the lawyers having cleared out, all hope of a reprieve, he's just made up his mind to go to heaven and make the best of it.

D—d edifying, hey? Cabinet maker wasn't he, afore he took to the road?

So he told me—well well, said he, night afore last, when I left him, and he saw there was no hope, well, well, [illegible] one man is born with a gold spoon in his mouth and another with a halter about his neck: heigho!—one is a parson, another a lawyer—heigho! Whereupon says I, putting on a long face, that's a fact, my boy! One man is *bred* to cabinet work, to another cabinet work is *bread*—one cuts a throat or picks a pocket, and is paid for it; with [illegible] his throat cut or pocket picked—and has to foot the bill—heigho! Every thing's for the best. Joe, said he, just as I was turning away from a last look at him—Joe—take care o' yourself, or you may be *longer* a dying than [illegible] I knew what he meant. Poor devil!—and after he's cut down, I mean to be sure of the difference (showing a little ivory rule) to the sixteenth part of an inch.

To a *line* would be near enough, hey?

All—haw, haw, haw!

LAW, THE PERFECTION OF REASON. A gentleman in England about the end of the last century, prosecuted and obtained damages of a clergyman for speaking disrespectfully of his wife. With the funds thus acquired, he prosecuted a suit for a divorce from her, and *obtained* it. That is very much on the plan of the Kentuckian who exclaims, 'My wife's,—no matter, 'Who dares say [illegible] myself?'

MARRIAGE CUSTOMS. Among savages, according to Tom Moore, they have a multitude of exceeding odd customs—but have they any more ridiculous than that which prevails here?—No sooner are the happy couple married [illegible] they run off together, and hide themselves in the [illegible] as if they had done something to be ashamed of.

CHEESE PARINGS.

FASHIONS. Women governed by the fashion-makers of another people. And who are they? French milliners and English—no matter which. Hence our easily flounces and mournings—our crowded and comfortless parlors, given the number of cubic feet in a pair of hot parlors, required the quantity of human flesh, alive and palpitating, or trying to palpitate, you can cram into them, without suffocation, and when, as in liquids under the application of heat, all circulation has to begin upon the outside, and is communicated gradually from one particle to another, till you can see the mass radiating and gasping at all the air holes, as by a regular process of gravitation. Hence too, our large houses and costly furniture—late hours—morning calls after the dinner hour of most people in this country—late dinners—and preposterous weddings—all borrowed—all foolish—and all degrading.

INDIANS AND YANKEES. There was a famous old rascal among the Indians of Maine, about fifty years ago, who for a long while was the terror of the whole country. His name was Tumphegan. He was Sachem. After Yankeeing a multitude of whites, he was finally out-Yankeed by a thoroughbred Down-Easter, David Clark of Bethel, who, with a number of his townsmen having been taken prisoner by the Indians and carried off, was liberated and suffered to return to his home, at the suggestion of the wily old Sachem, who followed them secretly through the woods and shot them down one by one as they were returning home to their families rejoicing. But Clark was not so easily disposed of—he had observed that the old fox, when he knew to be as malignant and crafty as a tiger, had withdrawn just before the other Indians proposed to let off the prisoners one by one, at an hours interval; and watching his opportunity, Clark whispered to his companions not to take the *road*; and when they set him free, he took his rounds not way through the woods, crept home, got his wife, returned and caught Tumphegan in the fact, watching for his prey from behind a stump, with his eyes fixed upon the road by which they were expected.—The old Sachem was never heard of afterwards.

A PUZZLE. The Scotch are a proverb for their mutiness, but he was a proverb among the Scotch. Now quere—was he a proverb for his cleanliness? By no means! you say. And why not—alas poor human nature—the language leaves you to infer what you please.

MECHANICS. Boys here choose their own trades. Not so in England. There parents choose for their children, and they are obliged to continue at their trade after serving a long apprenticeship, or lose seven years more in learning another. Add to this, they have to pay there for learning a trade. N.

IMPROMPTU ASCENSION. As ballooning is now the prevailing mania, we have condensed the following from a long account published in an English Magazine of February, 1785. An Æronaut attempted an ascension at Birmingham, his balloon being inflated with inflammable air. The car, in ascending caught under the eaves of a house, one of the cords broke, and the aeronaut was taken in at the chamber window. The balloon was with some difficulty hauled down to be repaired, and a boy got into the car as a sort of ballast to keep it still. The balloon played them a slippery trick, and ascended,—boy and all.—The little fellow appeared to relish the trip as much as if it had been made on purpose, and went up gallantly waving his hat to the crowd, who cheered him enthusiastically. The balloon being so damaged that the gas rapidly escaped, he descended at a short distance without receiving any injury. W.

BLACKBEARD, A Page from the Colonial History of Philadelphia. Two volumes. New York, Harper & Brothers.

The last American novel, and, we are constrained to say, the least in merit of those published within the twelve-month—so far as we have read. The style of the writer is clumsy, particularly for the first hundred pages of volume one, affectation of the sublime, affording here and there an excellent specimen of *bathos*, as we wish to most.—He improves, however, as he progresses with the story, but there is throughout the two volumes a use of obsolete words, and antiquy phraseology mistaken for the antique, *solid or enormous*. His heroes are very Rumkins—slicing off heads at a stroke just you would decapitate a cabbage. *Mark*, the favored suitor of the heroine, is very ill drawn—broken and undignified in character in early years, his own apology, if allowed, the whole weight intended, is weak—and his reformation in after life springs from no good motive. Oxenstern, a Swedish Cavalier, works wonders with a magic lantern and an electrical machine—Ben Franklin figures as tinkerer of a town clock; and one or two very stale jokes—one of which we cursed have served up to the readers of a newspaper, (it was second hand then) are introduced with all the gravity of originals. Jeptha Dobbs, intended for a Yankee is an abortion.

So much for some of the faults—now for the merits.—The characters of Sir William Keith, Barbara Schevelin, Bob Asterly, Doctor Eastlake, and Madam Markham are very well done. There are some humorous passages in the volumes, excellent—and to Philadelphians the book has doubtless many merits in the preservation of tradition, unappreciated by us. In a word the novel is readable—pleasant after fairly commenced,—and the reader may keep awake over it, till an interest in the characters is excited, if he does not commence it after dinner, or on a warm day;—if he should—we know how much of an opinion it was for us. The author can do infinitely better—we hope he will try again, but advise him by all means not to put 'by the author of Blackbeard,' on the title page of his next. W.

NEW MUSIC. 'There's not a leaf within the bower,' words by T. Valentine, arranged as a duett by Zoner;—just published by O. Ditson, is for sale at Parker's. The words are beautiful, and Zoner's name is a warrant for the music.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

MUNICIPAL. At a meeting of the Mayor and Aldermen, on Monday.

The Board non-concurred with the Common Council, in the appointment of a Committee with full power to cause a Census of the city to be taken

The use of Faneuil Hall was granted to the Bunker Hill Monument Association, to hold their annual meeting on the 17th inst.

A message was sent to the Common Council, proposing a convention of the City Council on Thursday evening the 11th inst. at 8 o'clock, for the purpose of electing a City and County Treasurer.

Aldermen Dunham, Lewis, and Leighton, were appointed a committee to examine and report if any encroachments have been made on the lower bridge to South Boston.

The Committee on Paving were instructed to have Dyke street gravelled from Dudham street to the west end of the Dyke, and to make such repairs on that part of the street now gravelled, as immediate necessity may require.

Petition of Robert Waterson and others, to have a new fence made around the Mall on Fort Hill. Referred.

Memorial of the Primary School Committee, concerning Primary school rooms. Referred to Aldermen Leighton and Crosby, to be joined by the the Common Council.

Warrants were granted to the following officers of the Fire Department—Joseph Cotton, Foreman; John G. Hardy, 1st Assistant Foreman; George W. Prentice, 2d Assistant Foreman; and Joel Powers, Clerk, of Engine No. 29. Adin H. Fletcher, Clerk of Engine No. 5.

On Saturday last, the Committee on Roads and Bridges in the Connecticut House of Representatives, reported a bill to incorporate Henry Hudson and others, the "Worcester and Hartford Rail Road Company," with a capital of $1,000,000,—to be increased, if desired, to $1,500,000. The bill was read, and PASSED. On Friday, the House instructed the Committee on Incorporations, other than Banks, to report a bill for a general law on the subject.—*Jour. Com.*

Preston Mellen, the late Chief Justice of Maine, has been invited to deliver the Oration on the approaching Anniversary of our Independence, at Portland.

The New Orleans papers mention the death of Miss Jane Placide and Mrs Rachel Stone, both of the theatrical profession. The former is said to have died from a disease of the spine, and the latter from over-exertion.

The Supreme Judicial Court at Concord, organized on Tuesday with a full bench to try the impeaching statute,—Ann Hadley, jr. of Chichester, who had murdered herself some last term, was arraigned, and put on trial. It was determined that Pond and Kelley, on whose mate the jury would not agree, should all be tried at once.—Messrs. Farley of Groton and Mann of Lowell, where on oath by the Court, to act as counsel, translation to such of her legal gentlemen to the prisoner had engaged.

The Attorney General stated that he did not intend to prosecute the prisoners on the capital offence; but for merely concealing a dead body, leaving it in the dark place.

A jury was empanelled with little difficulty, after which the trial proceeded. The Bishop, Sunday, was called to prove the finding of the catastrophe of the property; and several other witnesses were called to prove that the parties had been confined in Charlestown, for several days before the death, and that many hardships of a threatening character were practised upon them.—*Lowell Courier.*

A company has been formed in this town for the purpose of erecting a Russian Cotton Factory, with 10,000 spindles, and have purchased Granger's wharf at the north end for this object.—*Newburyport Herald.*

CAPE DE VERD EMIGRANTS. In the second edition, last week, we noticed the arrival of a vessel at Norfolk, supposed to be one of the rascally schooners from the Cape de Verde, with a part of the insurgent soldiers, who made the disturbance there. This was true so far that the passengers were the identical insurgents, but the schooner they had embarked in at St Thomas, where they left their arms. In number, the Norfolk Herald says they are 150—at the last accounts they were strolling about the streets of Norfolk, with all the cares of old residents. They talk of their conduct at Fort Praya as *justifiable* on revolutionary principles, and purpose to settle in America. While they deport themselves peaceably, having committed no offence against the United States, they must be unmolested,—they have no claim upon the Portuguese Consul—and in the event of their becoming a charge to the State of Virginia, the Captain of the vessel cannot be compelled to take them away, as the vessel is not his, and he was forced by them to take command of her—furthermore, it is probable she will be libelled, and certain that the collector will not grant a clearance.

The Treasurer of the Seamens' Aid Society acknowledges the receipt of $200, as a donation from the Hon. Theodore Lyman.—*Transcript*

Foreign Mails. The Navy Department gives notice, that Mails for the Mediterranean, can be forwarded by a store-ship which will sail from Norfolk, from the 10th to the 15th June, for Malaga.

For the Coast of Brazil, by the bark Fast Captain and store-ship New Orleans, to sail from New York,—the former the 10th and the latter from 10th to the 15th June, for Rio.

For the Pacific, by the bark George Henry, to sail from Baltimore the 20th of June for Valparaiso, and by the packet as usual, via Kingston, Jamaica, to sail from New York the 10th of June.

FROM JAMAICA. By the arrival of John W. Cater, we have received regular files of Jamaica papers to the 15th May. The Island was quiet.

Lord Sligo embarked on board the Forte frigate on the 2d, with two companies of the 84th Regiment, and set sail for the Cymanes, where he issued his Proclamation, declared the slaves on those islands absolutely and unconditionally free. The slaves on these islands had never been registered, and therefore not subject to the apprenticeship system, nor are their late masters entitled to any share of the 20'000'000 compensation for manumitted slaves. The Governor and suite returned on the 14th.—*N. Y. Gaz.*

Buenos Ayres papers to the 4th April have been received at New York. The resolution appointing Gen Rosa, Governor, has been ratified with great unanimity. A treaty of peace and alliance has been celebrated between the Governments of the Provinces of Tucuman, Santiago del Estero, and Salta. An engagement took place on the 7th of March, between a body of Buenos Ayrean troops and Indians on the one part, and a body of hostile Indians under Lanquitruz, on the other. The latter were totally defeated.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, William Hankerson to Mary Merrill; Wm L. Knights to Catharine Scott; Elijah Rogers to Hannah B. Thorn; James M. Thompson to Caroline Matilda Steele; Timothy House to Ellen Maria Child; Seth Adams to Caroline P. Pollard; Andrew Kitchen to Harriet B. Witt; Archibald Foster to Caroline E. Brown; John Dole to Ann Jones; David Allen to Harriet R. Knapp; Wm D. Messer to Sarah N. Dutch; Maj. Phineas Glenson to Julia Wesson; Reuben Roberts to Jane Litch; Dr George H. Gay to Eliza Ann Carlisle; Sylvanus Fields Watriss to Elizabeth Richardson Sargent; James P. Whitney to Harriet N. Fessenden; Thomas Brown to Ann Cloutman.

At Charlestown, George H Child to Mrs Abigail Duren.

At Chelsea, Samuel R. Newhall to Olive M. Bates; Joshua H. Pratt to Mary S. Wait.

At Salem, Justus Russell Esq to Mrs Fanny Pomroy.

At Sterling, Isaac B Clapp, of Boston, to Harriet Moore.

At Stow, Hermon Chandler, M. D. to Lydia Randall.

At Manchester, William S. Mallon, of this city, to Hitty Ann Marshall.

At Taunton, Rev. James Breed to Mary Smith.

At New Ipswich, Capt Thomas Knower, of Westminster, to Sally Estabrook.

At Portland, George Smith, of Boston, to Maria Austin.

At Oxford, N. H., Joseph C. Brodhead Esq. of this city, to Sarah W. Wheeler.

At Bath, Me. Capt Levi Young of Boston, to Jane Dauphin Jackson.

At New York, Hon. Mr Parnell, of England, to Miss Stewart, daughter of Com Stewart, U. S. Navy.

At St Petersburg, Russia, April 2, John Randolph Clay Esq. Secretary of the American Legation, to Frances Ann Sophia, daughter of Harry Leake Gibbs, of St Petersburg

DEATHS.

In this city, Mrs Mary Bolin, 73; John Philip Heilge Jr 25; Mrs Eunice D. Smith, 34; Mrs Lydia Shaw, 50;

At Watertown, Joshua Coolidge, 76.

Drowned, near the Mills in Watertown, Samuel Francis Stone, 8 years.

At Weston, Charles F. Fiske, 27.

At Natick, John Coolidge, 83.

At Danvers, Miss Lydia Legro, 60; she came to her death by drowning herself in a well, owing to partial derangement.

At Andover, (South Parish) Capt Micah Wilde, 78, a soldier of the revolution.

At Plymouth, Jacob Covington, Esq. 44.

At Wakefield, N. H. Rev Asa Piper, 74.

At Goldsboro' Me. Col Noah Hall, 94, an officer of the Revolution.

At New York, Mr John Osborn, 43, formerly of this city.

At Trenton, N. J., Lucius H. Stockton Esq.

At Philadelphia, William S. Biddle Esq. elder brother of Nicholas and Com James Biddle.

At sea, on board ship Franklin, Jan 5, 1833, Mr Townsend Matthews, a native of Waltham.

THE ART OF RAPID
WRITING,
EASILY AND SPEEDILY ATTAINED.

MR. FOSTER'S Rooms are at 116, Washington-street, where he continues to teach
PENMANSHIP AND BOOK-KEEPING,
upon the most modern and improved principles.

YOUNG MEN are qualified for Mercantile situations in a superior and expeditious manner; their attention being exclusively directed to practical utility.

LADIES are taught a free, flowing hand, and are enabled to correct the most cramped, illegible scrawl, and ever after to write with ease and satisfaction to themselves.

This system of writing is a radical, solid improvement, productive of the most important advantages.—It presents no obstacles;—the school boy may learn to write in a few months;—the aged see their writing become young again, and are astonished at the change;—the CLERK acquires a free, rapid hand, and reaps the benefit of it in an increased salary;—the MERCHANT corrects a cramped style and is pleased at the idea of having set a good example to others; in a word *every person may learn to write with elegance and freedom.*—The day is not far distant when the art of painting words will cease to be stationary, and when we shall no longer hear the oft repeated saying. "*I could never learn to write,*"—"*French and Latin exercises have spoiled my hand,*"—"*It is impossible for me to change my illegible mode of writing, &c. &c.*

The peculiarities of this new system consists in the application of philosophical and anatomical principles to the business of writing. Its distinguishing features are:—

1. *All slow and formal practice is abandoned, and exercises substituted, which impart a free, flowing command of pen. The letters are executed by the simultaneous movement of the hand and fore-arm combined, with that of the fingers and thumb—the arm resting lightly near the elbow—while the third and fourth fingers are used as a MOVEABLE support.*

2. *The learner attains a mastery of the simple and combined movements of the hand and arm, and this muscular facility enables him to write with ease, elegance and expedition.*

3. *The process is simple, rational and philosophical; easily applied to practice and easily acquired. The exercises are, from the first, performed rapidly, and in addition to great freedom and expertness, the habit of writing straight, is given and confirmed.*

4. *A uniformity of slope in the letters, and regularity in the lines. These, all will admit, to be fundamental properties of good writing.*

5. *A thorough command of hand is acquired, by which the longest words may be written without lifting the pen. This cannot be performed by any other process whatever; and without it, there can be no such thing as free, rapid writing.*

6. *The style is bold, free, and business like; combining in an eminent degree the essential qualities of legibility, uniformity, compactness, and facility of execution*

7. *The pupil is made acquainted with the precise object of each exercise, and by interesting his understanding, his curiosity is excited and his attention fixed, and finding on every lesson that he is making rapid progress, he requires no further incitement to persevere than the pleasure he receives in becoming, without toil or delay, AN ELEGANT AND EXPERT PENMAN.*

march 26 eow3m

FRANCISCO B. CASAS,
INSTRUCTOR OF THE
SPANISH LANGUAGE,
AND OF
DRAWING.
Joy's Buildings, Room, No. 24.
feb7

FIG'D SILKS.
JUST RECEIVED—One case figured Silks, at very low price—for sale by
E. F. NEWHALL,
feb28 No. 179, Washington-street.

"All Lynn Advertisements appear upon the inside of the Galaxy. The advertiser should mark the number of insertions he desires; otherwise his advertisement will be continued till ordered out, and charged accordingly.

MAMMOTH ELEPHANT
MENAGERIE AND CIRCUS.

THE Proprietors of the *Mammoth Elephant Menagerie and Circus*, respectfully inform the inhabitants of Lynn and vicinity, that they will exhibit their rare collection of Living Animals, in Lynn, on the Common, on WEDNESDAY, June 17.

This travelling world of living curiosities, consisting of
WILD BEASTS AND BIRDS,
is exhibited under two spacious Pavilions, each 100 feet in diameter, and sufficiently large to contain five thousand persons—and, for the convenience of visiters, eligible seats are constructed on a safe and improved plan, for the accommodation of several hundred spectators, to which Ladies and juvenile branches of families are first entitled.

To render the whole more attractive, the proprietors have engaged a BAND, of fourteen members, of approved musical talent, who will execute favorite National Airs, Marches, Overtures, &c. &c.

This Menagerie and Circus consists of 27 wagons and 80 fancy and gray horses, and requires 45 men to complete its operations.

Among the most prominent of the animals in this collection, are the following:—Great Hunting or War Elephant, Tippoo Sultan, standing one foot higher than any other elephant in the United States. This animal is not only the most affectionate and sagacious, but decidedly he largest elephant offered to an American public, being 11 feet 6 inches high, and weighing upwards of 12,000 pounds. The Zebu, the first ever imported to this country. A full grown Lioness. The Angora. A pair of Leopards. A beautiful Zebra, from the Cape of Good Hope. The young Elephant, Hyder Ali. The Lama of Peru. The Arabian Camel. Full grown Brazilian Tiger. Antelope. Puma. South American Cougar. Panthers. Wolf and Bears. Lynx of Japan. Badger and Ichneumons. With a variety of Birds, Monkeys and Baboons, &c. The sports of the Ring, by Black Hawk and Major Jack Downing, on their Shetland Ponies.

AMERICAN CIRCUS.—The Circus performance will commence with a Grand Parade Entree, by eight beautiful white and spotted horses. Flying Vaulting by the whole company—Mr Sands will introduce the celebrated Mare Ophelia—the laughable scene of the Cobbler—Frolic on Stilts—Horsemanship by Mr W. Howes on one horse—Mr E. Sands will appear in the circle on three horses. Mr Hess, the American Sampson, will go through with his wonderful feats of strength with weights, men and anvils. Horsemanship, by Mr R. Sands, the intrepid equestrian—Mr Sands will conclude his performance by throwing a backward somerset from the horses while at full speed. Still Vaulting, Ground and Lofty Tumbling. Horsemanship by Mr S. B. Howes, the Flying Horseman.

The performance to conclude with the laughable farce of the Miller and Coalman.

☞For further particulars see large bills.

Hours of exhibition from 1 o'clock until 5 P. M. Admittance to the joint Menagerie and Circus, only 25 cents. Children under 10 years of age, half price.

To be exhibited at WOBURN, Mr Smith's Hotel, on TUESDAY, June 16. may 16

BIBLES.
SCOTT'S Family Bible; Common Family Bibles, in rich bindings; Comprehensive Bible; Polyglott Bible and Testaments to match. And a great variety of editions in elegant and strong bindings, for sale at the Bookstore, two doors East of the Hotel. april 4

PRINTING.
THE Subscriber would respectfully remind his friends and the public that he continues to execute orders for *PRINTING* of every description, with neatness and despatch. J. R. NEWHALL,
Lynn, April 4, 1835. 2d door East of the Hotel.

JUST RECEIVED.
BY J. R. NEWHALL, 1st and 2nd doors east Lynn Hotel, a new assortment of articles in the book, stationary and fancy goods line, among which are a prime lot of Rogers' Penknives, Silver Pencil Cases, Metal Pens, Quills, Paper, Cards, Ink Stands, Writing Books, &c.
Lynn, Feb 14

UNION FIRE AND MARINE
INSURANCE COMPANY, IN LYNN,
GIVE notice that their Capital Stock is FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS, which is all paid in and invested according to law and that they continue to make Fire Insurance for any amount not exceeding $3500 on any one risk; and Marine Insurance for any amount not exceeding $3500 on any one risk, at their office in National Bank Building.
H. A. BREED, President.
ISAAC STORY, Secretary.
Lynn, April 5. tf

REMOVAL.
WILLIAM CROSS, *TAILOR.*
RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public that he has removed to the shop formerly occupied by Joseph P. Jackson, directly opposite the First Methodist Meeting House, where he would invite all those that feel disposed, to give him their support, that he engages to fulfil all orders in his line of business with neatness and despatch. Thankful for past favors and a continuance solicited.
N. B. Garments cut and made are warranted or no compensation required
Lynn, June 28 tf

FALL AND WINTER GOODS
THE subscribers have just received and offer for sale at their Clothing Emporium, Market Street an extensive assortment of Broadcloths of every shade and color; Cassimeres of fashionable stripes and plain; Cambletts, goat's hair and imitation; Vestings, Trimmings Suspenders, Gloves, Dickeys, Bosom-pieces, and every article in their line.
Also, a fresh supply of Rogers's Imperial Stocks.
ROPES & LAMSON.
R. & L. feel grateful for the very liberal patronage they have received, and trust to merit a continuance of the same, by manufacturing Gentlemen's Garments from a medium to the extremity of fashion, and in workmanship inferior to none. Lynn, sept 20.

JOSEPH EDWARDS, JR,
TAILOR.
MASONIC SQUARE, LYNN.
CONTINUE to execute all orders in his line, with promptness, and in the best style. Having none but first rate workmen, he feels confident that all garments made by him will suffer nothing by comparison with those from the first tailoring establishments in the city. Terms, *Cash.* All orders gratefully received.
Gentlemen's Vestings, Stock, Collars, &c &c, constantly on hand for sale.
WANTED, as above—A number of small Job Makers; none but the best—to whom the highest price will be given
Lynn, April 12.

MARBLE CHIMNEY PIECES
THE subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has now on hand a large assortment of Marble Chimney Pieces, of every variety of pattern, and of different kinds of marble, which he is determined to sell on the most reasonable terms. Having been the first to introduce this branch of Manufacture into the city of Boston, and having been constantly engaged in it, for twenty-five years, he flatters himself that he will be able to use his customers as well at least, as those who have been acquainted with it, a 1-4 or an 1-8th that period of time, or no time at all. He has in his employ able and experienced workmen, who understand setting Chimney Pieces as they should be set, a matter of much importance. He will also furnish Free-stone work for buildings of every description. He has also on hand Monuments for Cemeteries and Grave Stones of every kind, with a great variety of drawings and plans of the same, original and selected, at his shop in Front street, near Essex street. A CARY.
jun 24

BOOTS AND SHOES,
FOR CASH,
AT VERY LOW PRICES,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL BY
THOMAS C. WALES,
No. 108 Washington-street.
sept 27 tf

LAST WEEK BUT ONE OF
MAELZEL'S EXHIBITION,
CONCERT HALL.
THE MORNING EXHIBITION, consisting of the splendid pieces of mechanism,
THE AUTOMATON MUSICAL LADY; THE DRAWING AND WRITING FIGURE; THE MAGICIAN; THE ROPE DANCER; THE SELF WALKING FIGURE, &c. &c.
Takes place every day between 11 and 1 o'clock.

The EVENING EXHIBITION of
THE AUTOMATON MUSICAL LADY; THE MELODIUM; THE MECHANICAL THEATRE; THE TRUMPETER; THE ROPE DANCERS AND SPEAKING FIGURES; THE TOURNAMENT AND THE PHYSIORAMIC PYROTECHNICON.
Commences every evening, (Saturday excepted) at 8 o'clock.
Admittance to each Exhibition, 50 cents; children half price.
☞For particulars, see small bills. june 6

EDWARD RIDDLE,
PROFESSOR OF THE FLUTE.
No 2 Pleasant street Court.
Or applications may be made at J. L. Bates, Music Store No 6 Court street near Washington street. feb 28

LADIES'
GOLD CHAINS.
A NEW STYLE of Ladies' Gold Chains, with a variety of gentlemen's Guard Chains—this day received and for sale at L. WALKER'S, No. 63, Washington street. 1s1m april 18

MAVERICK HOUSE.
THE public are respectfully informed that this extensive establishment is now open for their accommodation, under the direction of the subscriber, who will make every exertion to render it worthy of patronage.
The Road to Lynn, Salem, &c. and the East Boston Ferry, are also open for public travel
J. W. BARTON.
East Boston, May 27th, 1835. may 30

STRAW BONNETS.
J. NIGHTINGALE, No. 230, Washington street, three doors South from Summer street, will open THIS DAY a few cases of BONNETS,—comprising Dunstable, Open Work and Plain Straw,—will sell them by the dozen or retail, at a small advance from manufacturers' prices.
Also, French and English GOODS, GLOVES, HOSIERY, &c. 1s6w may 30

A CARD.
MR. JAMES G MAEDER begs respectfully to announce that he has returned to Town and will resume his professional avocations as before; No 36, Hancock street. april 4

REMOVAL.
MOSES WHITNEY, Watch Maker, informs his friends and the public that he has removed from No. 1 Dock Square to No. 6 Brattle Square, between the Brattle street Church and Elm street, where his customers may find their Watches previously left to be repaired, and where personal attention will be devoted to repairing Watches, Clocks, and Timepieces, of every description, for all who will please favor him with their custom. 3mis march 14

FOR THE DEAF.
THE Boston and Lynn India Rubber Co. have manufactured and offer for sale, an India Rubber Elastic Ear Trumpet, of an entirely new construction, by means of which persons not entirely deaf are enabled to hear with perfect distinctness the ordinary tones of the voice in conversation.
They are perfectly portable, of an elegant finish, and have been pronounced by persons who have used them superior to anything of the kind in use.
For sale at the Co's Warehouse, No. 52. Water st.
may 16 istf

FASHIONABLE
HAT WAREHOUSE.
HALL & CO. No. 10, Washington street, offer for sale on such terms as cannot fail to suit purchasers, a large and extensive assortment, of all shapes and prices, of Satin Beaver, Fur, and Wool HATS. Always on hand, Hatter's FURS and TRIMMINGS. Also, Silk and Gingham UMBRELLAS and PARASOLS, at *manufacturer's prices.* 1mis may 2

NOTICE.
TO CABINET MAKERS.
WANTED, immediately, three Journeymen Cabinet Makers, and one Mahogany Chair Maker. First rate workmen will be paid the highest prices and have constant employment. Apply at this office.
may 9 3tis

FEATHERS, HAIR, &C.
JOHN G. FLAGG & CO. have on hand a large and prime assortment of Foreign and Domestic FEATHERS; South American HAIR; first rate FEATHER BEDS; HAIR MATTRESSES; CUSHIONS, &c. &c.—which will be sold wholesale or at retail, on as reasonable terms as at any other establishment in this city. Apply at No. 18, Union street. istf may 9

NEW JEWELRY
ESTABLISHMENT,
LAWRENCE WALKER'S, No. 83, Washington street, Joy's Building—
Where may be found a great variety of GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES of every description, and the latest style of FASHIONABLE JEWELRY, SILVER WARE, SPECTACLES AND FANCY GOODS.
☞The above stock is of recent selections, consequently of the newest and most fashionable patterns, and will be sold as low as can be purchased elsewhere.
april 18 1s3m

WATER PROOF PREMIUM
GOODS.
INDIA RUBBER WATER PROOF GOODS of the Style and quality which obtained the PREMIUM MEDAL AT THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE, NEW YORK, at their last Annual Exhibition. Constantly for sale at the Boston and Lynn India Rubber Company's Store, No 52 Water street, Boston—viz; Cloaks, —Wrappers—Surtouts—Cloak Capes—Pea and Monkey Jackets—Sportsmen do—Pantaloons with or without feet —Caps with Capes—Cushions—Life Preservers—Hydrostatic Sheets *and beds complete*—Bath sacks—Hydraulic tubing—Injection do, &c. *Air Beds*—Cushions—Pillows —Gass Bags—with every variety of articles impervious to air or water—at wholesale or retail by
nov 1 tf C. C. NICHOLS & CO, Boston

FRENCH PRINTS, &C. &C.
E. F. NEWHALL, No. 179, Washington street, has just received a large assortment of Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, consisting in part of—French Prints, large and small figures, of best kind; Printed Lace Muslins, rich new style. A great variety of Silks, fig'd, plain and plaided, good styles; French Ginghams, fine, similar to the Plaided Silks; Sewing Silk, Shawls, and Fancy Hdkfs. of various kinds; Printed Silk Muslins, a new and beautiful article for evening dresses; Merino Shawls: Blonde Veils, Scarfs and Hdkfs; a few very splendid embroider'd Scarfs; Merino Bombazines; light colors French Merinos, for children's wear; large and small check'd, fig'd and stripe Cambrics; Jaconets; mull, book and Swiss Muslins; imitation Cambricks and Bishop Lawns; Linen Cambrics; linen and linen cambric Hdkfs; col'd Table Covers; linen Damask Cloths; birds-eye Diaper; stout Russia Damask; Linens, grass bleach, for family use, low by the piece; Long Lawns; French Centre Table Covers, very splendid; bleached Shirtings and Sheetings; a large assortment of fast color Calicoes; superfine, middling and low Broadcloths; Cassimeres, Satinets; Flannels, &c. &c.
These goods are of recent purchase, and will be sold as low as at any other store in the city. Purchasers are invited to look at the assortment. march 28

BATHS.
BRAMAN'S WARM SALT WATER BATHS, bottom Chesnut street, are open every day from sunrise to 10 P. M. A female in attendance to wait on Ladies.
The Tremont fresh water Baths, Tremont House, open as usual. tf march 14

OPERATIONS
ON THE TEETH.
DR. PARSONS, Surgeon Dentist, No. 16, Winter-street, having obtained the aid of Mr. Nolen, a skilful Dentist, from Philadelphia, gives notice that he will insert the *Incorruptible or Mineral* Teeth on nearly the same terms as the other kinds of artificial Teeth.
He respectfully announces that all operations on the Teeth will be performed in the most approved manner, and that the fees for his professional services have never been increased.
He is permitted to refer to—Dr. WARREN, Dr. REYNOLDS, Rev. Dr. WAINWRIGHT, Hon. MARCUS MORTON. 3mis march 14

NANKIN AND CANTON
STRAW CARPETING.
ELIAB STONE BREWER, No. 414, Washington street, has constantly on hand a large assortment of Straw Carpeting of various qualities and widths, among which are—
5000 yards Superfine Nankin, 6-4
5000 do do do 5-4
3000 do Common do 6-4
4000 do do do 5-4
Round German Table Mats, 3 feet diameter.
feb 18 4mis march 28

FRENCH SHOES.
THE Subscriber has for the last five or six years paid considerable attention to the French Shoes of Este's make. All that have given them a fair trial give them the preference, because they wear best and do not stretch so much, and possess all of the ease and comfort that is peculiar to Este's shoes. As the foot is dependant on the form of the shoe for its good shape, misses' and children's shoes will be particularly attended too, and made by the best workmen. Now for sale—Morocco, Kid, Calf-skin, Prunella, Satin, Saxon and Bronze Kid Slippers; Morocco and Calf-skin, Grecian ties thick Soles; Morocco, Grecian ties, thin Soles; kid slips thick Soles; fur lined Shoes, thin and thick Soles; misses' and children's Calf-skin, Grecian ties, thick Soles; Kid, Morocco, Calf-skin and Bronze, Kid Slippers; Bronze, Green and Black, Morocco, Grecian ties, thin Soles. Ladies', misses' and children's Boots and Shoes made to order. JOHN KIMBALL, 2d,
190, Tremont, 6 doors from Court-street, Boston.
march 14

REMOVAL.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL FASHIONABLE HAT STORE.

GEORGE W. EDMANDS respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has removed from No. 47, Cambridge street, and taken one of those commodious stores under the American House, No. 40, Hanover street, where he intends to keep constantly on hand a large assortment of HATS, CAPS, &c. &c. which will be sold at the lowest prices, consisting of gentlemen's, youths' and children's FUR HATS, of every description and quality, and of the most fashionable patterns;
SATIN BEAVER HATS,
of this city and New York manufacture, warranted equal to any made in the United States.
CAPS of every description and quality, and variety of pattern, consisting of Cloth, Merino, Velvet, Leather, Hair Cloth, &c.
Palm Leaf HATS, of every description and quality.
UMBRELLAS and GLOVES.—Silk and Gingham Umbrellas, of different quality—buck, doe, beaver and kid Gloves.
☞G. W. E. would invite those in the city and from the country in want of any of the above articles, by the dozen or otherwise, to call and examine for themselves.
N. B.—Hats made to order at short notice.
☞Cash paid for Shipping Furs. 6t april 11

LADIES FRENCH SHOES.
1 CASE *FRENCH SHOES,* 'Joly's' manufacture, (a *superior article*) containing Lace Morocco Walking Pumps; blk Morocco Kid and Satin Slips, bronze and other colors.
Also, one case do do 'Este's' manufacture.
The above together with a good assortment of Ladies, Misses' and Childrens' *SHOES,* of every description, are offered for sale on the best terms, by
WILLIAM F. HAYNES,
march 28 ep3m 246, Washington street.

BALANCE MANUFACTORY.

PATENT BALANCES and Scale Beams manufactured in the best manner, and warranted equal to any of the kind, manufactured and for sale, wholesale or retail, on the most reasonable terms, at the Manufactory, No. 3 Fulton street, near Clinton street, Boston, by LYMAN LOCKE.
N. B. All Balances repaired at short notice, and warranted. 3m may 2

SIX MONTHS IN A
HOUSE OF CORRECTION.
B. B. MUSSEY has now in press, and will publish in four weeks, a Narrative of Six Months in a House of Correction, by Miss Dorah Mahoney.—with reminiscences of her adventures in the United States.
Note—Though the Committee of Publication of this little work, may at all times be found ready to seal their holy religion with their blood, if necessary, the publisher thinks it his duty to stand between them and the consuming heat of popular bigotry. He therefore announces that the sufferings of Dorah Mahoney are set forth in the following pages on his sole responsibility.
N. B.—Publishers of newspapers who will publish the above, and send a copy of the paper containing the advertisement to the New England Galaxy Office, shall receive a copy of the work. tf may 9

NEW BOOKS.
THE EVERY DAY CHRISTIAN, No. 1. By T. H. Gallaudet.
The Child's Book on the Sabbath. By the Rev. H. Hooker.
COOK'S TRIAL.—Trial before the Municipal Court of Charles L. Cook, for receiving stolen goods
For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133, Washington street. may 9

PHRENOLOGY.
PRACTICAL PHRENOLOGY.—A Manual of Phrenology, written in a plain and practical style, by Silas Jones, Practical Lecturer, will shortly be issued from the press of the subscriber. S. COLMAN,
may 2 Publisher for the Trade.

TAYLOR'S SPOOL COTTON
ELIAB STONE BREWER has constantly for sale *TAYLOR'S PERSIAN SPOOL COTTON.*
The very best article of sewing Cotton imported, as will be asserted by every lady that has used it.
april 25 414, *Washington-street.*

CLOTHING.
200 DRESS COATS.
1200 pairs PANTS.
1000 VESTS;
170 SURTOUTS and OVERCOATS.
60 JACKETS.
For sale by ISAAC OSGOOD, 31 Dock Square.
☞Where is for sale a prime assortment of first rate *CLOTHS, CASSIMERES* and *VESTINGS* Garments made to order in best style. tf sept 20

MUSTARD.
WARRANTED of Superior quality. Fine and Superfine in Kegs, Cannisters and Bottles manufactured and for sale wholesale and retail by DEXTER DANA, corner of Cross and Annstreets, Boston.
N. B. All kinds of Spices for sale or ground at short notice.
Also, Coffee burnt and ground for retailing.
nov 1 y

FOR SALE IN OHIO.
A TRACT of 18,000 acres of rich land in the town of Worthington and on the big Walnut creek, twelve miles from Columbus the seat of government Apply to J. A. FOSTER, Land Office, No 7 Congress street, upstairs.
dec 20 tf

GLASS DOOR PLATES,
DOOR KNOBS, BELL PULLS AND NUMBERS
MANUFACTURED and Warranted by the New ENGLAND GLASS COMPANY—the most durable and ornamental articles for outside and inside doors.—Specimens of various kinds constantly on hand and may be seen at their Ware House, No 140 Washington street Boston. 6m nov 1

ACCORDIONS,
WITH SEMITONES.
AMONG the lot received to-day, are a few with this desirable addition. For sale by
JOSEPH L. BATES,
march 21 6 Court street near Washington st.

PORTRAITS AND PICTURES
FRAMED.
PERSONS about getting their portraits framed, will do well to call at CABOT'S Looking Glass Store, 36, Union street, where they will find a splendid assortment of Frames done in the first rate manner in a great variety of patterns—likewise Prints, Paintings and Ladies' Needle Work, framed in as good a style and as cheap as can be found in this city. Having had a long experience, both in Boston and New York, in the above line of business, and having a large assortment of Moulds of my own selection, I feel confident that all work which my friends and the public may be pleased to entrust to me will be finished to their entire satisfaction.
march 14

NEW BOOKS.
THE LADY'S BOOK—FOR MAY, containing original and selected Compositions, Fashions, Engravings, Music, and Embroidery.
The Infidel—or, the Fall of Mexico. A Romance, by the author of 'Calavar,'

MISCELLANY.

[The following song, an imitation of "The Groves of Blarney," is extracted from a volume entitled "Romances, by the author of Odds and Ends," just published in Montreal.]

As I lay on my bed t'other night I idealized
Thus to myself in a sublimated mood ;
Wishes are vain when they cannot be realized,
That which is evil will seldom prove good.
What is impossible, though it be plausible,
Never can happen so vague agree ;
Then let us be merry all until our burial,
Sorrow and care being—Fiddle-de-dee.

What are the Muses and all those Divinities,
Naiads and Dryads, but [illegible] or fools?
The Fates and the Furies are quizzical Trinities
Pan and Pandora a couple of fools.
Even Jupiter Ammon is nothing but gammon,
And Juno his wife, little better than he ;
So let us be merry all until our burial,
Sorrow and care being—Fiddle-de-dee.

In the days of our fathers—it worries one to think of it—
Topers fared better than now by long odds ;
For they'd Nectar, as much as they ever could drink of it.
Nectar distilled from the grape of the Gods.
But who, in this era, would spare us Madeira,
Because no receipt for such liquor have we !
Oh, let us be merry all until our burial,
Sorrow and care being—Fiddle-de-dee.

Such were the wise cogitations with which I,
'Twixt sleeping and waking, exerted my brain ;
And even to this hour, had the skies remained pitchy,
I might have continued the sensible strain.
But morning, then bursting, dispelled all my dreaming,
And I sprang from my couch, most determined to be
Funny and merry all until my burial,
Sorrow and care being—Fiddle-de-dee.

ANECDOTES OF MALHERBE. His great pleasure, when in the society of his friends, Racan, Colomby, and Yvrande, was to manifest the utter contempt he felt for those distinctions which are valued by the world in general. He used often to say to Racan, who was of the noble race of Beuil, and who had the silly pride frequently to boast of his descent from the old nobility, "That the more ancient, the more doubtful, as one vicious woman was sufficient to corrupt the blood of St. Louis of Charlemagne ;" adding, "those who fancy they are descended from these great heroes, are probably the son of some varlet or fiddler." He did not spare himself, even in the art in which he excelled, and would say to Racan, "see, my dear sir, *if* our verses outlive us, all the glory we may hope for, is to have it said that we were clever in arranging syllables, and must have been somewhat mad to pass our whole lives in the exercise of talents of so little profit either to the world or to ourselves, instead of considering how best to make our fortunes." He lost his mother when he was more than fifty-eight years old, and was long deliberating whether he should put himself in mourning, "Think," said he, "what a pretty orphan I shall make!" At last however, he did. He had an elder brother, with whom he was always at law, and when one said to him—"Law suits betwixt such near relations? Heavens! what a bad example!" "And with whom else should I have them," replied he, with Turks and Muscovites? I have nothing to share with them." The morning the Princess of Bourbon was brought to bed of two dead infants, Malherbe met one of the Provincial Councillors: "what's the matter?" said Malherbe. "Can any good man feel happy answered the Councillor, "after losing two princes of the blood royal?" "Sir, sir," said Malherbe, "don't let that afflict you, only take care and serve well, and you will always find a master." Once, when pitying one of his relations, who had a large family, the gentleman replied, "He could not have too many children, provided they were *gens de bien*." "That is not my opinion," said the poet ; "I'd rather eat my one capon with a single robber than twenty priests." He disliked to talk politics ; and said it was better not to interfere in the management of a vessel in which you are only a passenger. He once invited seven of his friends to dinner, and only seven dishes were placed on the table each containing a boiled capon, for he said that as he loved his friends all equally well, so they should be equally treated—not giving one a leg, and another a wing.—His mode of punishing his servant was amusing. He gave him tenpence a day, which was handsome in those times, and twenty crowns extra wages. When this servant vexed him, he would remonstrate with him thus:—'My friend, he who offends his master, offends God ; and he who offends God must fast, and give alms to obtain pardon. Therefore, I shall keep back fivepence of your pay, which I shall give to the poor, on your account, for the expiation of your sins.' It is said that an hour before his death he roused himself suddenly, and reprimanded his nurse for a word which to his taste, was not good French ; and on his confessor's reproving him, he answered it was his wish to maintain the purity of the French language even to the moment of his death.—*Athenaeum.*

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF CHARLES LAMB—FOUND AMONG HIS PAPERS. "Charles Lamb, born in the Inner Temple, 10th February, 1775, educated in Christ's Hospital, afterwards a clerk in the Accountants' Offices, East India House ; pensioned off from that service, 1825, after thirty three years' service ; is now a gentleman at large : can remember few specialities in his life worth noticing except that he once caught a swallow flying (*teste sua manu* ;) below the middle stature ; cast of face slightly Jewish, with no Judaic tinge in his complexional religion ; stammers abominably, and is therefore more apt to discharge his occasional conversation in a quaint aphorism or a poor quibble, than in set and edifying speeches ; has consequently been libelled as a person always aiming at wit, which as he told a dull fellow that charged him with it, is at least as good as aiming at dullness. A small eater but not drinker ; confesses a partiality for the production of the juniper berry, was a fierce smoker of tobacco, but may be resembled to a volcano burnt out, emitting only now and then a casual puff. Has been guilty of obtruding upon the public a tale in prose, called 'Rosamund Gray ;' a dramatic sketch named 'John Woodvil ;' a 'Farewell Ode to Tobacco ;' with sundry other poems, and light prose matter, collected in two slight crown octavos, and pompously christened his works, though in fact they were his recreations, and his true works may be found on the shelves in Leadenhall street, filling some hundred folios. He is also a true Elia, whose Essays are extant in a little volume, published a year or two since, and rather better known from that name without a meaning, than from anything he has done, or can hope to do, in his own.—He always was the first to draw the public attention to the old English Dramatist, in a work called 'Specimens of English Dramatic Writers,' who lived about the time of Shakspeare, published about fifteen years since. In short all his merits and demerits to set forth, would take to the end of Mr. Upcott's book, and then not be told truly.

He died 18 much lamented.

Witness his hand, CHARLES LAMB.

10th April, 1827."

CURIOUS ILLUSTRATION OF THE USE OF THE FEUDAL SYSTEM. The progress of the feudal system ; the conversion of ecclesiastical into secular vassals, the gradual extension of the territorial tribunals, soon made them, like the baronial [illegible], judges. In fact they were temporal barons themselves : and were liable like the meanest laymen to military service, to the jurisdiction heritable, and the other obligations of the dignity. But no ecclesiastic could sit on judgments of blood ; he could not pronounce much less execute, sentence of death ; so that the more heinous cases must always have devolved to the tribunal of the court, and in general, we find that whenever laymen only were concerned, the judicial functions were not often exercised by the bishop or abbot in person ; in which cases, they devolved on his vicars who were always laymen. Where the evidence was [illegible] only recourse was had to 'the judgment of God'—especially to ordeals of red hot iron, of boiling water, and by the duel. The duel, however, as a judicial proof in the ordinary tribunals, appears to have been abolished ; from the tenth century, it was seldom allowed to others than nobles or ladies of rank. Thus Otho I. vindicated the honor of his daughter by the duel ; her champion was the victor, and she was consequently declared innocent. This mode of judicial proof was sometimes attended by revolting circumstances ; one, related by the historian Ditmar, evidently inspired with disgust even the savage warriors of the day. A count named Waldo, accused another named Gero to Otho II. The accused was committed to close custody, and as the case could only be tried by their equals, the princes of the empire were convoked at Magdeburgh. The duel was ordered, and the two parties were compelled to engage in mortal combat on a little island in the river. Waldo, after receiving two severe wounds in his head, at length threw his adversary to the earth ; and Gero being asked whether he was able to continue the battle, replied he was not. By the emperor and noble judges the latter was declared guilty, and beheaded on the spot by a common executioner. But Waldo had received his death wound ; for after drinking a cup of water, he fell backward and expired.—*Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia.*

NAVAL FORTITUDE. A French paper says, that the surgeon of one of the frigates relates the following anecdote, which occurred at the battle of Algiers :—The captain of the fore-top, on his leg being so wounded that only a small portion of skin kept it connected with the thigh, with the view of obtaining surgical aid as soon as possible, grasped a rope, by which to lower himself upon deck. When he had ascended about half way from the fore-top, the mangled limb, over which he could not possibly have any control, became so entangled among flying ropes, that he was under the necessity of hauling himself up full three feet, that he might disengage it with the assistance of the sound one, while he was still hanging by his arms in the air, and with a shower of shot and shells flying round him. At length, having accomplished his end, he descended quietly upon deck. When placed on the cockpit, and waiting till the surgeon had completed the amputation of an arm in which he was then engaged, the death of the bugleman, whose wife was at this time in the cockpit, was announced. The poor woman was instantly thrown into a violent paroxysm of grief, and while she was thus bewailing her loss, the wounded captain of the top, with much composure and *naivette*, called out, "Come, Poll, leave off blubbering—you shall not be a widow long ; I will marry you myself as soon as I am well." He has since performed his promise.

PREPARING FOR AN EXPECTED EVIL. Franco, in his history of Persia, relates that an acquaintance of his, while residing in a certain town, was alarmed by hearing, in a neighboring house, a sort of periodical punishment going on daily. Heavy blows were given, persons continually crying out, 'Amaun! amaun! Mercy! mercy! I have nothing—heaven is my witness, I have nothing!' Upon enquiry, he learned that the sufferer was a merchant, reputed to be very rich, who afterwards confessed to him, that having understood the governor of the place to be meditating how he should possess himself of a share of his wealth, and expecting to be put to the torture, he had resolved to habituate himself to the endurance of pain, in order to be able to resist the threatening demands. He had brought himself to bear a thousand strokes of a stick on the soles of his feet, and as he was able to counterfeit great exhaustion and agony, he hoped to be able to bear as many blows as they would venture to inflict, short of death, without conceding any of his money.

DRY GOODS,
AT REDUCED PRICES.

THE Subscriber, intending leaving this part of the country for the South, about the first of August next, offers for sale the whole of his extensive Stock of FOREIGN and DOMESTIC GOODS, and Lease of the Store No. 414 Washington street, and the Stock will be sold at very reduced prices at retail, until closed.—Among which are the following varieties viz—

Broadcloths, Cassimeres, Athenian Cassimere, Rouen Cassimere, Athenian Camlets, &c. &c.

4 bales of superior Welch, English and American Flannels. Some of them are very superior, and are warranted not to *shrink in washing*.

2 bales of Angola Flannel, an excellent article for summer wear.

1 bale Domet Flannel.
4 do col'd American do.
4 do col'd Dometts.
3 cases of superior English Cambric Dimoties.
1 do do Furniture Dimoty.
1 do col'd Poult de Soie Silk, at 3s per yard, of an excellent quality.
Cases Irish Linens, of superior quality.
Cases of English and American Prints.
Cases and bales of brown and bleached Cottons.
Cases of white Cambric and Cambric Muslins.
Cases of Bishop Lawns, from 20c to 3s 3d per yard.
1600 ps Nankin and Canton Straw Carpeting.
Cases of Taylor's Persian Spool Cotton, at 3s per dozen, or 5c per Spool, warranted of very superior quality. Cases of Spool Cotton, at 6d per dozen.
1 case of Open Work Cotton Hose, at 1s per pair.
Cases of 4-4 and 6-4 Bobbinet Laces, from 9d to 3s 3d per yard. 1 case Grecian do superior quality, at 2s pr yd.
1 bale Russia Damask 6-4 and 8-4, a very durable article for Table Cloths.
2 cases India and English Silk Hdkfs.
2 do col'd Table Cloths, assorted sizes.
1 do col'd bordered cotton Hdkfs. imita. L. C. at 9d each. 1 do Linen Hdkfs.
4 do American Sewing Cotton.
5 bales Russia Crash.
3 cases Linen and Cotton Tapes.
1 case English Pins.
7 bales of Tickings, assorted qualities—and a great variety of other Goods, which will be sold in proportion.

ELIAS STONE BREWER,
may 30 No. 414 Washington street.

LADIES' RIDING CAPS,
HATS, UMBRELLAS, PARASOLS, GLOVES AND STOCKS.
387, *WASHINGTON STREET*.

DANIEL MESSINGER respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has received from New York a complete assortment of the above articles, which, added to those on hand, makes as good a variety as can be found in any Hat Store in Boston.

He has the newest patterns for *LADIES' RIDING CAPS* and *CHILDREN'S FANCY CAPS*, which will be made to order at the shortest notice.
may 30

WIGHT'S
LASTS & BOOT-TREES.

THE Subscriber informs the public, that he manufactures and has for sale, *LASTS AND BOOT-TREES*, of the best patterns, at No. 30, Fulton-street, (at the sign of the GOLDEN LAST.) All his Lasts and Boot Trees will be manufactured in the best style, and of seasoned stock, under the superintendence of his father CHARLES WIGHT—the patronage of whose former friends and customers is respectfully solicited.
may 30 ADAMS WIGHT.

NEW BOOKS.

A PICTURE OF POPERY—or a concise account of the errors, usurpations, and ceremonies of the Romish Church. By a friend of religious truth.

The Biography of a Bottle. By a friend of temperance.

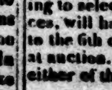
For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133, Washington street. may 30

LANDS IN ROXBURY.

FOR SALE—House and Garden Lots, on very liberal terms: they are situated near the Rev Mr. Putnam's meeting house, and known by the name of the "Porter Purchase." Between twenty and thirty acres have been laid out into lots of from 8000 to 20,000 feet, suitable for buildings of any class, and surpassed by none in the vicinity of Boston, for beauty of prospect, healthful air, excellence of water, and every convenience in relation to churches, schools, markets, hourly coaches, &c. &c. The roads are laying out, one of which reaches from Dedham turnpike to Centre street, and presents a great variety of pleasing positions. Any persons wishing to select Cottage and Garden Lots, at reasonable prices, will have an opportunity to do so any time previous to the 6th of June, when those not taken up will be sold at auction. For particulars and terms, to suit, apply to either of the subscribers.

JONA. DORR,
ALVAH KITTRIDGE,
NATH'L DORR,
may 30 PETER WAINWRIGHT.

NEW HAT STORE.



ANSON DEXTER, (late of the firm of Olney, Dexter & Gill) has for sale at his Store, No. 27 Court street, (opposite the New Court House) an entire NEW STOCK of the most fashionable New York and Boston made HATS, CAPS, GLOVES and UMBRELLAS. His friends and the public are invited to call and examine them.

N. B.—HATS and CAPS made to order. may 9

REAL ESTATE.

RARE CHANCE FOR GOOD INVESTMENT. The New England Glass Bottle Company offer for sale, all their Real Estate, situated in East Cambridge, consisting of about 25,000 square feet of land, with all the buildings thereon, viz—glass house 2 store-houses, pottery, 4 shops, stables, &c. A most eligible situation for the manufacture of Glass, or any heavy articles, being situated on tide water, and accessible by vessels of 150 or 200 tons burthen, with a canal running nearly the whole length of the premises. For the purpose of the concern, the above will be sold so as to make it a safe investment even for speculation. Inquire of RALPH SMITH, Agent for said Company, No. 118, State street, Boston. april 25

BROADCLOTHS.
NEW AND FASHIONABLE BROADCLOTHS AND CASSIMERES ; LADIES' CLOTHS ; LAMAS ; ERMINETTS ; ANGOLAS ; DRILLINGS ; CAMLETS, JEANS, &c
For sale at JOHN H. PRAY'S variety Cloth Store, No. 46 Washington street.

THE above advertised, comprises one of the largest assortments of seasonable and fashionable Cloths and Cassimeres, of French, English, German and American manufacture, to be found in the city : and a great variety of Worsted, Silk, Linen and Cotton Stuffs; together with fashionable Silk, Marseilles, Valencia and Velvet Vestings; Brown, Black & Bleached Linens; Brown and Bleached Cottons; Padding; Canvas; Silk, Twist, Thread, Buttons, &c.

This stock deserves an examination by purchasers, who are invited to call, and are assured that prices shall average as low as can be purchased for the like articles, by any dealer in Boston. 3m may 2

STEAM PACKET BANGOR,
CAPT. SAMUEL H. HOWES.

BOSTON, PORTLAND, and BANGOR. Fare from Boston to Portland, $3 ; from Portland to Bangor, $4, and found.

The elegant low pressure Steam Packet Bangor, Capt Samuel H. Howes, will leave Boston every Saturday at 5 P. M. for Portland and Bangor ; arrives at Portland Sunday morning ; leaves Portland same morning at 7 o'clock for Bangor ; touching at Owlshead, Belfast, Bucksport and Frankfort, and arrives at Bangor same evening.

Returning, will leave Bangor for Portland and Boston, Tuesday morning at 7 o'clock ; arrive at Portland same evening. Leave Portland for Boston every Wednesday morning at 7 o'clock.

For Portland, will leave Boston every Thursday, at 5 P. M.

From Portland for Boston, will leave every Friday evening at 7 o'clock.

Freight will not be received on board after 4 P. M. on the days of sailing.

This splendid Steam Packet was built by Messrs Brown & Bell, of New York, of the very best materials for strength, equal to any in the United States. She is almost 400 tons burthen, built expressly for a sea route.

Her engine was from the Manufactory of J. P. Allaire, of New York, and has proved to be equal to any in use in this country, by constant use the whole of last season and not requiring any repairs.

In the fitting up of this Packet no expenses have been spared to contribute to the comfort or safety of passengers. She is provided with two powerful forcing pumps and suction hose ; also a Fire Engine to be kept on her deck, in case of Fire to operate on any part of the boat. Five large boats, a large number of India rubber and cork Mattresses, one of which will sustain four persons on the water.

She is rigged with fore and aft sails, in case of accident to the Engine, that can be managed as any other vessel.

Many improvements have been made during the winter, under the immediate inspection of Captain Howes. She has been on the Salem railway, and coppered. Her cabins have been lighted, several state rooms made on her main deck, and completely and thoroughly overhauled.

For passage, apply to ISAAC W. GOODRICH, No 56 Washington street, at which place a plan of the cabins may be seen, and berths secured, or on board, of the Captain, or to M. W. GREEN, Agent, Lewis's wharf.

☞Travellers may depend on the above arrangements being permanently made. tf march 28

STEAMBOAT CITIZEN.
PERMANENT ARRANGEMENT.
For Portsmouth, Dover, and Great Falls, N. H. and South Berwick, Me.

Fare to Portsmouth - - - - - $2,00
Dover - - - - - 2,25
Great Falls and South Berwick - 2,25

STEAMBOAT CITIZEN, Capt. J. L. Clendennin, will leave the T-wharf, Boston, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning, at 7 o'clock, for Portsmouth, Dover, and Great Falls, N. H. and South Berwick, Me.

Stages will be in readiness at Portsmouth, to take passengers to the above places. Seats in the stages may be secured on board the Boat, and at the Dover Hotel.

Returning, will leave Portsmouth every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday morning, at 7 o'clock.

Stages will leave the above places for Portsmouth, in time to meet the Boat. Arrangements have been made with a line of Packets, to carry Freight to and from Dover, each trip.

For Freight or Passage, apply on board, or to EDMUND WRIGHT, Jr. T-wharf, or I. W. GOODRICH, 56, Washington street. may 30

CURE FOR JAUNDICE,
INDIGESTION, &c. &c.

The cleansing, purifying Vegetable Panacea, long known as Dennison's Bitters, or the great antibilious corrective. Under the patronage of the first physicians in Europe and America, yield all their qualities to boiling water.

THIS long established article is exactly what it purports to be, one of the best medicines in the world for these complaints. It is of legitimate origin, emanating from the great Dr. Lettsom of London, and their good qualities have been tested for more than a quarter of a century. A long list of certificates were originally appended, but from the great space occupied, with one or two exceptions, they have of late years been omitted.—The following diseases, mostly proceeding from the same cause, are greatly relieved if not entirely cured by this medicine, viz.

Jaundice, Indigestion, Worms, Loss of Appetite, Weakness of the Stomach, Cholic, Costiveness, Flatulence, Headache, Strangury, Dropsy, Dysentery and all impurities of the blood.

Different kinds of Trusses.

Salmon's Brevet pad in ball and socket. Plain and Bellows pad do. Kite pad, English improved Truss, patronised and approved by one of our first physicians.—Common English do. Hull's do. Stone's do. Shaker's do. French do. india rubber pad, made in Philadelphia. Marsh's N. Y. do. Improvement on Hull's. Umbillical do. Children's do. all sizes. Double do. for double ruptures. Bozeman's improved do. &c. &c.

Also—Foreign Leeches, and Watts' Lucifer Matches, (large) 12 1-2 cts box, $1 per doz.

Apply to J. P. WHITWELL, Druggist, corner of Milk and Bath streets 6m april 25

MRS. GRISWOLD'S
SUPERIOR OINTMENT.

MRS. E. GRISWOLD respectfully informs her friends and the public in general, that she continues to keep for sale a constant supply of her SUPERIOR OINTMENT, which can be had of Mr. HENRY WELSH, (whom she has appointed sole agent to sell the same,) at his Store, No. 235, Washington street, three doors south of the Marlboro' Hotel. This invaluable Ointment is prepared only by herself;—it is purely a vegetable preparation—warranted free from all poisonous ingredients ; and well known to thousands who have used it, for its safety and efficacy in curing Rheumatism, Bruises, Sprains, Burns and Scalds, sore and swelled Breasts, and the various humors incident to the human system.

☞Mrs. G. returns her sincere thanks to her former customers, for their liberal patronage, and solicits a continuance of their favors ; but, to prevent counterfeits, which have been imposed upon the public, all who wish to obtain the genuine article are hereby informed, that it can only be had of her at 283 Washington street, or of her agent, as above directed.
april 4 3m

BURNS AND SCALDS
A POSITIVE CURE.

ANTI-PHLOGISTIC PASTE, for Burns and Scalds, Erysipelas and Phlegmonous Inflammation, St Anthony's Fire, Erythema, Shingles, Stings and Bites of Insects, Inflamed Blisters, Vegetable Poisons, Chapped Hands, &c. Fever Sores, (Necrosis) Biles, Inflamed Breasts, Whitlow, Abscesses, Carbuncles Gangrene, &c. &c. &c. Sore Legs, Ulcers of every description, Schirrous Tumors and Glands, Bruises and Sprains : Fractures, Contused and Lacerated Wounds : every grade of Gunshot Wounds. It is sure to give immediate relief, and a healthy action to the living parts, and we can hardly conceive of a fracture or wound so bad as to cause death or need amputation, if the Paste be timely and properly applied. All inflammations of a specific character, as Scrofulous Tumors, Glands, Ulcers and Abscesses ; White Swellings and Inflamed Joints from any cause.

Scrofulous Humors, and every other species of Eruption, as Salt Rheum, Herpes, Scalded Head, Ringworm, Pimpled Face, and Blotches. It is a specific for the Piles, giving immediate relief. Local Syphilitic Inflammation it is sure to remove, and prevent suppuration in the worst cases.

In all the above diseases the Paste has but one action, which is the removal of heat, pain, swelling and more or less of fever ; when this is done, nature soon finishes the cure, or the diseased parts become well simultaneously. It needs no certificates ; use it, and you will know more of it than can be told you.

Sold wholesale and retail by TROTT & CO, 128 State street, Boston, and by Druggists in the city generally.—Also, by Asa B. Foster, Weston, (Vt) and A. & T. Hall, Keene, (N. H.) B. F. Brown, Salem, (Mass) J. B. Wadsworth, Providence, (R. I.) J. Hubbard, Lowell, (Mass,) John H. Wheeler, Dover, (N. H.) dec 13

CHEMICAL
EMBROCATION,
Or—Whitwell's true and original Opodeldoc.
Test of the only true kind.

FIRST—See that the certificate of the late Doctor Mitchell, LL. D. of the city of New York, is on the inside direction paper.

2d—That my name is stamped on the bottle.

3d—That the retail price is not less than 37 1-2 cents a bottle, all others are but base fabrications.

The above may be considered as infallible, in bruises, sprains, rheumatism, stings of insects, vegetable poisons, cramp, &c. &c. In a word, in all cases of external injury.

Sold by all the principal druggists in the U. States who also keep for sale the *VOLATILE AROMATIC SNUFF*, for many years celebrated in cases of catarrh, headache, dizziness, dimness of eyesight, drowsiness, lowness of spirits, hypochondria, nervous weakness, &c. It is most fragrant and grateful to the smell, being composed principally from roots and aromatic herbs. It is absolutely necessary for those who watch with or visit the sick, being an excellent prevention of contagion.—Recommended by Dr. Waterhouse, late Prof. of the Theory and Practice of Physic in Harvard University. Price 50 cts and 25 cts. april 25

L. S. MARRING.

WOULD inform his friends and former customers that he has made arrangements [illegible] *WATER PROOF BOOTS AND SHOES* [illegible] Ladies and Gentlemen [illegible] in Roxbury [illegible] to call at the Store of Mr. THOMAS C. WALES [illegible] Washington Street [illegible]

N. B. All Orders made good [illegible] 3m feb 14

PRINTED MUSLINS AND

JACONETS, RICH PRINTS AND GINGHAMS, LINENS, SILKS and SHAWLS, a full assortment now open and for sale at low prices by E. F. NEWHALL, No. 179 Washington street. may 16

NEW GOODS.

CHARLES GOODWIN, No. 74 Hanover street, is constantly adding to his present assortment of Fancy and Staple Dry Goods, a great variety of new articles which he offers at a very small advance from cost among, which may be found—

Black and col'd Gro de Naples ;
Do do Gro de Swiss ;
French and English Bombazines ;
Do do Ginghams ;
Do do Prints ;
Fancy Handkerchiefs ;
Sewing Silk Shawls ; Crape and Satin do ;
Blond Gauze Veils ; Merino Shawls ;
Bishop Lawns ; Long Lawns ;
4-4 Linens, from common to extra ;
7-4, 8-4, 9-4 and 10-4 Damask ;
Linen Cambrics and Cambric Hdkfs ;
A large assortment of Gloves and Hosiery ;
American Prints ; Shirtings and Sheetings ;
Broadcloths and Cassimeres. may 2

IRISH LINEN
WAREHOUSE.

BENJAMIN JACOBS, Jr. No 44, Washington-st. has received a complete assortment of superior 7-8 and 4-4 Irish Linens and 5-8, 5-4, 6-4, 10-4 and 11-4 Linen Sheetings and Pillow Case Linens. Among the assortment of 4-4 Linens will be found a very heavy and superior style, entirely undressed ; a few cases extra fine for collars and bosoms of shirts from 7-6 to 11-3 per yard ; a few bales extra fine Russia Diapers and Crash ; together with the following extensive assortment of housekeeping articles, viz :—

Table Cloths. 4 cases DAMASK TABLE CLOTHS, from 9-8 to 24-4, many of which are extra fine, with Napkins and Doilies to match.

Table Napkins. Fine Table Napkins and Doilies ; extra fine unbleached Linen Doilies ; do Napkins ; fine French Towels ; variety of colored Doilies.

Worsted Cloths. 5 cases elegant worsted Table Cloths, variety of colors, sizes from 9-8 to 20-4 ; 3-4 by 5-4 worsted and cotton work table Cloths ; extra fine worsted Piano Covers ; Russia, Irish and Scotch Towelling, of fine quality.

Irish and Scotch Goods. Superior 6-4, 7-4, 8-4, 9-4 and 10-4 Irish and Scotch Double Damask ; white Marseilles Toilet Covers best Marseilles Quilts, sizes from 10-4 to 16-4.

American Cotton. Best quality 7-8, 4-4, 9-8 and 5-4 American Cotton Sheetings and Shirtings.

Blankets. Extra fine double mill'd Rose Blankets ; Crib do.

Cambrics. Super Long Lawns and Linen Cambrics.

Linen Cambric Hdkfs. Ladies' and Gentlemen's Linen Cambric Hdkfs—among which are fine Hemstitch, plain and wrought corners, gentlemen's 4-4 extra fine, white & colored borders ;

Flannels. An extensive variety of white Flannels, suitable for the approaching season, among which are several kinds, well known not to shrink in washing viz :—Rogers's Patent, 4-4 and 6-4 Silk Wool, fine Gauze Flannel, manufactured of worsted, a beautiful article for summer wear.

☞Purchasers in want of superior fabrics, are invited to examine the assortment. 2m april 11

LINEN CAMBRIC HDKFS.
CHEAP.

E. F. NEWHALL, 179, Washington street, has just received one case Linen Cambric Hdkfs, large and fine, at a low price. may 16

SILKS AND CALICOES.

3 CASES black and col'd Gro de Nap Silks ;
3 do nice and low priced English Calicoes ;
1 do do do do Irish Linens ;
1 do black Cotton Hose ;
1 do white do do
1 do slate do do (low priced)
2 do American Prints, do do
1 do Rouen Cassimeres, for children's wear ;
1 do plain and small check'd English Ginghams ;
2 cartoons Blond Gauze Veils ;
3 do Sewing Silk Shawls ;
3 do Fancy Hdkfs ;

Together with a good assortment of Broadcloths, Cassimeres, and Satinetts.

1500 yds light Calicoes, new patterns, just received from auction, for sale at 1 shilling per yd, by CHARLES ADAMS, 115 Hanover street. 5t may 2

DRY GOODS.

THE Subscriber having just received his full assortment of

RICH SPRING GOODS,

from the late importations, is now prepared to offer to his friends and customers a very rich and extensive assortment, consisting in part of the following, viz—

1 case super rich col'd fig'd Silks,	80 cts
1 do do do do Poult de Soie,	75
1 do do do do and blue blk do	62 1-2
1 do do do do do Gro de Naples,	50
1 do do do do do do	42
1 do do fellow edge Gro de Swiss,	75
1 do do do do do	70
1 do do white do do	62 1-2
1 do do rich 4-4 pink French Prints,	50
1 do do new style French Ginghams	36
1 do do do do do London do	25
1 do do do do do do Prints,	25
3 cartoons superrich French Fancy Silk Hdkfs from	25 cts to $1
3 do do do red Merino Shawls from	3 50 to $16

Together with a great variety of Gloves, Hose, Corded Skirts, Fancy Hdkfs, Linens, Lawns, Cambrics, Muslins, Bishop Lawns, Corded Cambrics, Laces, Edgings, Insertings, Wor'd Blond, Cravats, Lace Veils, White Gauze Flannels, Diapers, Crash, Cottons, &c. &c.—all of which will be freely shown and offered at the above corresponding low prices by

CALVIN HOSMER,
No. 73, Hanover, corner of Marshall-st. Boston.
april 4 6m

BLEACHED AND BROWN
AMERICAN COTTONS.

ELIAS STONE BREWER, No 414 Washington St. offers for sale per piece or yard, 100 cases and bales of Bleached and Brown Cottons as follows—

Cases of Bleached 9-8 Cochero Sheetings,
do do Lawrence Superfine Shirtings,
do do Hamilton 9-8 Sheetings & Long Cloth,
do do Waltham Sheetings and Shirtings,
do do Elliot do do

With a variety of low priced bleached Sheetings & Shirtings.

Bales of Brown Shirtings,
do do New Market Sheetings and Shirtings,
do do Waltham do do

with a large assortment of low priced brown Sheetings and Shirtings.

Bleached and Brown Drillings.

Also—Bales of 6-8 and 4-4 Pengrove, Methuen Company Assanpink and Sharon Tickings.

Sewing Cotton by the case or pound.

The above goods were brought before the rise of Cotton, and are offered very cheap. feb 14

FIG'D SILKS.

JUST RECEIVED—One case figured Silks, at very low price—for sale by

E. F. NEWHALL,
feb 28 No. 179, Washington-street.

RICH SILKS.

JAMES C. WHITE, 89, Hanover-street, has selected a prime assortment of Rich Silks, fig'd, plaid and plain, blk and choice colours ; Bishop Lawns ; Muslins, Cambrics ; Ginghams ; a superior article of Gloves ; white and bro. cotton Hosiery, from 12½ cts to 6s per pair. An assortment of Newburyport Hosiery, a very desirable and scarce article. Rich blonde gauze Veils Foulard Hdkfs ; Merino Shawls ; printed Lawn and Cambrics, for summer dresses ; rich English and French Prints ; Linen Damask and Damask Cloths ; Thread and Cambric Edgings and Insertings ; dark Calicoes, for sixpence a yard. 5t may 2

NEW BOOKS.

PHILIP'S GUIDE.—Manly Piety in its realizations. By Robert Philip, of Maberly Chapel.

Lives of English Highwaymen, Pirates and Robbers. By C Whitehead, Esq. 2 vols.

Marie, the Bandit's daughter—a Poem.

Webster's Speeches, 2 vols. 8vo. neatly bound in cloth, with a correct likeness.

Six Lectures on Revivals of Religion, delivered in the Universalist Church in Portland, 1834. By Menzies Rayner.

For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133, Washington street. april 25

BRUSH MANUFACTORY,
AND WAREHOUSE.
No. 15 EXCHANGE STREET.

J. J. ADAMS, has for sale as above COMMON and FANCY BRUSHES, of every description at Wholesale and Retail.

He is constantly manufacturing the article, and will furnish to order all kinds of Factory and Machine Brushes of good quality and at the lowest prices.

N. B. Bristles for Brush-making and Shoemaker's use, for Sale. 3w april 8

SILK AND MUSLIN GOODS.
NEW SUPPLY.

GEO. W. FROTHINGHAM will open on Monday, a large assortment of blk, blue blk, and colored, rich, large and small fig'd Silks ; blk, blue blk and col'd Marceline Silks, a beautiful article for summer dresses ; plain Poult de Soie and Gros de Paris Silks, of rich lustre and fashionable shades ; superior (fast colors) French Jaconets ; Corded Muslins and French Prints ; Fancy Shawls and Hdkfs ; Veils ; Ribbons and Sewed Silks ; Crape Royal for [illegible] dresses ; together with a great variety of desirable articles, which will be sold low, at No 243 Washington street. may 23

N. ENGLAND MAGAZINE,

NO. 42, for June. This day published by E. W. BROADERS, 127, Washington street, (up stairs.)

ORIGINAL PAPERS. Art. I. United States Senate—Peleg Sprague. II. Hope—by J. G. Percival. III. The Ambitious Guest. IV. Pages from my Diary. V. Graves and Goblins. VI. The Boatman—by J. G. Percival.—VII. A Chapter on Whaling. VIII. The Press and the Convent Question. IX. Once. X. Scenes in Europe—Paris. XI. Confessions of Judas Iscariot. XII. Rebecca and the Templar of Ivanhoe—by Grenville Mellen. XIII. A Rill from the Town-Pump. XIV. To a Humming-Bird, hovering over Artificial Flowers—by H. T. Tuckerman. XV. To ——— ———. XVI. Cabinet Councils—No. II. XVII. Critical Notices. XVIII. Editorial Proclamation to Correspondents. XIX. Monthly Record. may 30

NEW BOOKS.

THE PHENIX—A collection of old and new fragments.

The Complete Farmer. By Thomas G. Fessenden.

Memoir of Swartz. By Hugh Pearson, D. D.

Wilberforce's Practical View of Christianity.

Barnes' Notes on the Acts, Vol. 2.

Esther—A religious narrative, with an original poem, by H. F. Gould.

For sale by *MARSH, CAPEN & LYON*, 133, Washington street. may 13

PAPER HANGINGS
MANUFACTORY,

No. 403, Washington street—entrance in Fayette Court.

HENRY WOOD, Paper-Hanger and Paper-Stainer, respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he continues to keep a good assortment of Paper Hangings of his own manufacture, of the newest and most fashionable styles, which he will warrant to be of as good workmanship and durable colors as any in the market.—He has just finished a variety of new patterns, which he will sell very low for cash.

Those in the country trade would do well to call at this establishment, where they will find an excellent assortment of the middling and low priced Satin Papers, besides a great variety of patterns, which can be made up to order at a few days notice.

H. W. would also inform the builders and holders of real estate in Boston and its vicinity, that he will contract to hang paper, or furnish paper and hang the same by the job, or by the roll, and he pledges himself to give satisfaction, or receive nothing for his services.

Persons wanting any thing in his line, and finding it inconvenient to call at his manufactory, will meet with prompt attention by leaving an order in his order box, at the Mechanics' business room, or at his house, No. 5, Graphic Court.

N. B. Patterns sent for selection to any part of the city. march 28

REFINED CIDER.

J. W. CARTER, Bromfield street, has on hand a large spring stock of prime Bottled Cider, which he offers for sale at wholesale or retail, also Bottled Porter, and Albany Ale ; Meldrum's Ale, in quart and pint bottles ; together with a variety of bottled Wines—all of which will be sold at low prices, and sent to any part of the city free of expense. tf march 14

LOOKING-GLASS, PORTRAIT, PICTURE FRAME
MANUFACTORY,

36, Union-street, (*one door West of the Baptist Church.*)

THE Subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he is prepared to attend to the commands of those who may be pleased to favor him with their business in the above line. He hopes by his assiduity and attention to business to merit a share of the public patronage.

N. B. Particular attention paid to framing Ladies' Needle Work. Frames made for Looking Glass Plates. old frames re-gilt.

feb 28 3m JOSEPH CABOT.

CARAGEEN, OR IRISH
MOSS.

4 CRATES of this much valued article, received direct from Ireland, and for sale by HENSHAW & Co. No 28 GRANITE STORE, Commercial Wharf. in parcels to suit purchasers. 6m feb21

CIDER.

350 BBLS Refined Cider, a very superior article for bottling, for sale by

HOLBROOK & MOODY,
No. 218, Ann-street, corner of Sun Court st.

Also, for sale, a quantity of bottled Cider, as above

☞Cider delivered to any part of the city free of expense. 3m march 7

Operations on the Teeth

DR. I. H. APPLETON respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he continues at No. 11 Winter-street, Boston, where he is prepared to perform all the operations of DENTAL SURGERY ; viz. removing tartar and discolorations from the teeth, restoring diseased and spongy gums to a healthy state, cleansing and removing caries from decayed teeth, and filling them with gold, so as to render them as useful as before, and no more liable to decay than those that are perfectly sound.

He also attends to the making and inserting of all kinds of Artificial Teeth.

☞PORCELAIN, or INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH inserted on gold plates, from one to a full set, in the most approved manner.

☞The regulating of children's teeth, will receive his special attention.

Having for more than fifteen years devoted himself to the profession, he confidently believes he shall be able to give satisfaction to all who may favor him with their patronage.

He begs leave to inform the public that he has availed himself of the services of a skilful and scientific gentleman from Philadelphia, to assist him in his operations.

Dr. A. has prepared and used, for more than fifteen years, the COLUMBIAN LOTION, which has been proved by hundreds of individuals, and is highly recommended by eminent Physicians of this city, to be an effectual remedy for counteracting the pernicious effects of calomel, unpleasantness of breath, spongy or inflamed gums, and other diseases of the mouth.

He prepares also the COLUMBIAN TOOTH POWDER, for diseased teeth and gums, and the PEARL DENTIFRICE, for purifying the breath and whitening the teeth, and constantly keeps on hand an assortment of Tooth and Sponge Brushes of his own selecting.

OLD JAVA COFFEE,

ROASTED, Ground, and put up in neat canisters, ready for use, wholesale or retail. The subscriber will also send for, roast and grind Coffee at short notice, and return the same to any part of the city, free of expense, for two dollars per hundred. He also keeps constantly on hand pulverized Loaf Sugar, a beautiful article for bar or family use. All kinds of Spices ground at short notice, by J. W. CARTER, Bromfield street.
march 28

SHEPARD, OLIVER & CO.
TYPE AND STEREOTYPE FOUNDERS.

No. 3, Water st, (2 doors from Washington st.) Boston.

KEEP for sale all kinds of Book and Newspaper Type, both new and second hand.

Stereotyping of all kinds executed with accuracy and despatch on the most reasonable terms.

☞A large discount made for cash. april 4

SUPERIOR STYLE
OF IRISH LINENS.

BENJ. JACOBS, No. 44, Washington street, a few doors north of State street, has received a few cases of uncommonly heavy LINENS, weighing nearly nine lbs to the piece of 25 yds—the yarn is spun by machinery from the best long staple flax, and very even wove. He flatters himself they are superior to Linens usually imported into this market.

Also—500 pieces soft dressed Linens, manufactured from hand spun yarn—1 case 11-4 extra Superfine Linen SHEETINGS.

The above Linens are put up to order and are *warranted all pure linen.* may 23

THE ORIGINAL
GOLDEN COMB.

A. S. JORDAN, No. 2, Milk-street, *alters and repairs*, Combs in the neatest manner and at the lowest prices. All work warranted. tf may 23

RAZORS HONED, &C,

TO GENTLEMEN WHO SHAVE THEMSELVES. Razors honed and warranted to cut as well as new. Also, particular attention paid to honing penknives Handles put to Razors at the subscriber's Hair Cutting Room, Bromfield street, adjoining the Bromfield House.
may 9 5t J. R. CRUSH, Jr.

NEW BOOKS.

THE CRAYON MISCELLANY, No. 1. Containing "A Tour on the Prairies." By Irving, author of the "Sketch Book."

The Highland Smugglers. By the author of "Persian Adventurer" &c.

The Lady Superior's Answer to "Six Months in a Convent."

Tales of Woman's Trials. By Mrs. S. C. Hall.

Real Life. Pages from the Portfolio of a Chronicler, bound in one volume.

For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133, Washington street. april 18

MAN'S GREATEST AND
—*BEST EARTHLY TREASURE*—
HEALTH PRESERVED—OR LOST—RESTORED.

SEARS'S AMERICAN HYGIENE VEGETABLE RENOVATING PILLS, are now offered, for the benefit of the public, by the Author, under an honest persuasion, that the certificates of their efficacy and effects ; and the references and testimony respecting his own reputation and character, will secure for them public confidence. They have been the result of much research and experiment, occasioned by unusual sufferings from Dyspepsia and a diseased liver for 30 years. During a considerable part of this period, it has been to me an object of anxious solicitude, to discover some preparation of medicine better calculated to relieve me of my sufferings, than any I had heretofore used. And after many experiments in Materia Medica ; and, among the vegetables of our country, I have succeeded in preparing a medicine, purely and entirely vegetable, which does in an eminent degree, answer that important and desirable object. Their effect is to excite and sustain a natural peristaltic action in the stomach and intestines, and to produce a discharge from them of all the morbid and bilious matter which they contain ; and also to remove biliary obstructions, and promote and sustain the natural secretions of the liver. Hence they are peculiarly efficacious in curing all diseases, originating from a disordered state of the stomach and bowels : such as Indigestion, Costiveness, Bilious Cholic, Nervous and Sick Headache, Hypocondria, Yellow and Black Jaundice, Cholera Morbus, Cutaneous Eruptions, Erysipelas, Heartburn, Sourness of Stomach, and General Debility. Their efficacy has been fairly and abundantly tested by my own experience and that of many others. They may, with perfect safety, be taken by both sexes, of all ages, in cases of indisposition ; and they are peculiarly efficacious in liver complaints. In offering them to the public, I pledge my reputation and character, that a perfect trial of their effects will satisfy them of their superior excellency. In regard to my reputation and character, I have permission to refer to the Right Rev. Bishop Onderdonk and the Rev. Dr Spring, of New York ; and I would also present the two following certificates from the Hon. John W. Taylor, and the Hon. Judge S. Young, of Ballston Spa, whose characters are well known to the public.

"I certify that I have been well acquainted with William Sears, now of the village of Ballston Spa, for more than thirty years. He has through life maintained a fair reputation. His character for truth and general integrity stands high. Indeed I have never heard it impeached.

JOHN W. TAYLOR.

Ballston Spa, Oct. 6th, 1834."

"I have known Mr William Sears for more than thirty years, having resided most of that time in the same town with him, and during that period he has sustained a character without reproach. S. YOUNG.

Oct. 8, 1834."

Extract from a certificate of Mr James Comstock, editor of the Ballston Spa Gazette—"For several years past Mrs. Comstock has been afflicted with an unusually obstinate Dyspepsia, attended with a great degree of acidity of the stomach, and redundancy of bile. For several months past she has taken Sears's A. H. V. Renovating Pills, and has experienced more benefit from them than she has ever received from any medicine. I can with confidence recommend them to the public.

JAS. COMSTOCK."

Extract from a certificate of Mrs Powel, wife of the Hon. Judge Powel, of Saratoga county—"For many years past I have been afflicted with the symptoms of a liver complaint, which have frequently been attended with a pain in my side, so severe as to confine me. About three months since I commenced taking Sears's A. H. V. Renovating Pills, which have greatly relieved me, and rendered unnecessary the use of any other medicine. I do highly esteem them, and recommend them to all who are afflicted as I have been, with a liver complaint.

ANN POWEL.

Milton, Oct. 3, 1834."

For sale by Messrs. HENSHAW & CO. Druggists, Boston—where circulars, giving a more general description of them, will be distributed gratis.

april 18 1y

PRICE REDUCED.

VEGETABLE EXTRACT.—This is the most valuable remedy yet discovered for the cure of Throat Distemper, or Malignant, Putrid, Ulcerated Sore Throat, Scarlet Fever, Canker Rash, Canker in the Mouth, Throat and Bowels, Diarrhea, Dyssentary, Sore Mouth of nursing women, and Acid Humors of Teething Children ; in short, for almost all the affections of the Mucus membrane of the mouth, throat and alimentary canal.—These diseases are acknowledged by all physicians to be of the most severe and obstinate character, and have long baffled their skill and research. The discovery therefore of an effectual remedy for them, particularly for the various forms of Scarlet Fever, must be considered by every true philanthropist as an invaluable desideratum. As a common and perfectly safe family medicine, it will be found of inestimable value in cases of common sore throats and colds—disordered state of the stomach and bowels—such as habitual costiveness, indigestion, flatulency, nausea and vomiting. Also, in cases of weakness arising from fever and all debilitating diseases, such as consumption, &c. ; it will be found very beneficial as a cathartic and alterative, as it neither causes debility nor does it, as is the case with the operation of medicine, so readily dispose one to take cold

The *Vegetable Extract* has now been sometime before the public, and its great powers justly tested. Hundreds of individuals have successfully tried it, and several eminent physicians are in the almost daily use of it in their practice, who are truly astonished at its great curative qualities, and are ready to give their testimony in favor of its efficiency and power. There now remains but one obstacle in the way of its very general use, and that is, the price. The proprietors, being desirous to obviate this difficulty, have therefore determined to reduce the price to 62 1-2 cents per bottle, for one year, which barely remunerates for the great expense of preparing the article ; this will bring it within the means of every person, so that no one need suffer for the want of it ; and the poor man be able to obtain it for himself and family, as well as the rich.

N. B.—Should any one still feel scrupulous of what is here stated, relative to the Vegetable Extract, and will call on one of the proprietors, No. 118 State street, Boston, besides the recommendations which will accompany each bottle, other abundant and most satisfactory evidence will be exhibited respecting it.

For sale wholesale and retail by one of the Proprietors and General Agent. RALPH SMITH, 118 State street. Sold also by Maynard & Noyes, 13 and 15 Cornhill ; William Brown, 481 Washington street ; Pearson & Rowland, 188 Washington street ; Brewer & Brothers, 90 Washington street ; J. P. Hall, 1 Union st ; E. S. Holden, corner of Chesnut st ; James Fowle, corner of Green and Leveret st ; C. Holbrook, 18 Leveret st ; J. L. Moffat, corner of Chamber and Poplar st ; D. Hinchman, 41 Cambridge st ; F. Plummer, 118 State st ; C. French, 181 Hanover st ; A. Boyden, 24 Hancock st ; R. A. Newell, corner of Summer and South st ; J. F. Elliot, 81 Hanover st ; S. W. Fowle, 33 Prince st ; J. P. Whitwell, corner of Milk and Bath st ; J. P. Preston, corner of Federal and Williams st. may 2

MASSACHUSETTS
BOTANIC INFIRMARY.
N. B. IF SICK OR LAME,

COLDS, coughs, chronic complaints, &c &c. cured with the vapor bath and a few roots or herbs, at 236 Washington street, opposite the Worcester Rail Road Office.

Reference : Alpheus Adams, Barnstable—Joseph Converse, Brighton—John H. Young, Lowell—Capt E. Fish, Sandwich—Wm Eldrige, Harwich—Robert Schoetler, West Cambridge—Henry N. Carpenter, Goshen, N. H.—Moses Nelson, Sutton N. H.—P G. Sheldon, New York—Samuel Cleaveland, New Orleans.

Together with 1400 others, principally of this city, one of which was relieved in seven hours and cured in six days of brain fever or cold and delirium, after his physicians had given him up to die, and said he could not live six hours.

Another, a child sick with the croup, given over as incurable by one of the celebrated regular physicians, and thought to be dying before I saw it, relieved in fifteen minutes well enough to ride out in three days, and recovered entirely in a short time.

Another—a gentleman who had been confined to his bed for some time, with the rheumatism—relieved so as to be able to walk, in twenty-four hours, and entirely recovered in a few weeks.

Another, of the same complaint, cured in one week, after having previously been confined to his room for four months, with the same complaint, when under the fashionable mercurial blistering practice.

Another—a lady, with severe palpitation of the heart, so much relieved in one day as to regain her health in a few weeks, by using the simple medicine at her own house.

Another—a lady, who had been sick for a long time, and applied to several physicians, some of whom said she had the liver complaint, some consumption, some dyspepsia, others general debility, all of whom I think told the truth, so much relieved in one month, as to be able to sit up all day and do some work, and now enjoys comfortable health.

I might continue this list till I should weary the reader's patience with numerous cures of all curable complaints which flesh is heir to, but shall close with a general invitation to all, both sick and well, to call and see for themselves, and if they are not fully satisfied that the Botanic System of Medicine is both safe and salutary, they will be referred to any of the above persons, who are convinced from experience, that

"The simple herbs beneath our feet,
WELL US'D, relieve our pains complete."

Syrups for coughs and colds for sale, together with a general assortment of Vegetable Medicines, wholesale and retail, at fair prices. J. A. BROWN, B. P.

feb 14 tf

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☞Cards printed at short notice.

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